

THE PERISHING LAND. By Rene Bazin. I. Fromentiere.
2887



Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

J. J. Arakelyan, Printer, 295 Congress St., Boston.

OUR CHURCH MUSIC

would be greatly improved if more organists and singers knew of the methods pursued at the

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

GEORGE W. CHADWICK,
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

We will send to anyone interested our handsome illustrated pamphlet and all particulars that may be desired.

All particulars and Catalogue will be sent by

FRANK W. HALE, Gen. Manager,
Boston, Mass.

SONGSBY American Composers

Our Special Catalogue

"VOCAL MUSIC"
mailed to any address free.

More than thirty American composers are represented in this attractive catalogue by portrait, page of music, and list of selected published songs.

Teachers and vocalists will be interested in the classified lists of recent publications, a list of selected songs by nearly sixty well-known American composers, and catalogue of vocal methods, studies and exercises, the prices of which, in many instances, have been greatly reduced.

THE MUSICAL RECORD.

Subscription Price, \$3.00 a Year, postpaid. Single Copies 25c. A monthly publication edited by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the world—reviews, criticisms and articles by eminent musical writers. 16-PAGE SUPPLEMENT OF NEW MUSIC by celebrated composers, with each number, send for premium lists. Agents wanted.

MUSIC REVIEW.

Published monthly. Subscription 25c. a Year. Two or more pieces of copyright music reproduced in each number. Biographical sketches and portraits of composers, with reproductions of their compositions, musical news and notes, list and review notices of new music. Send 2c. stamp for sample copy.

We solicit orders for all Musical Publications

OLIVER DITSON CO.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY BOSTON
CHAS. H. DITSON & COMPANY NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

"LINENE" COLLARS and CUFFS



Reg. Trade Mark.

DO NOT WILT

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth, and exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. The turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

No 1 undry Work

When soiled, di-card. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

Reversible Collar Co., Dept. V, Boston.



Gentlemen Hunting

A beautiful and useful Birthday, Wedding, Christmas or New Year's Present for a lady will find our charming

AUGUSTA-VICTORIA

EMPRESS SHOULDER-SHAWLS

Just what they want. They are exquisitely hand woven at Bethlehem (about 40 inches square, with 6 inch fringe), by expert Saxon weavers. Warp silk, wool wool in pure white, delicate pink, rich light green, distinguished red and jet black. When ordering, mention color desired.

Postpaid and Registered for \$7.50.

THE SUSACUAC WEAVING CO.,
BETHLEHEM, PA.

ABBOT ACADEMY For Young Ladies, Andover, Mass.

The 71st year opens September 14. Three Seminary Courses and a College Fitting Course. Twenty acres lawn and grove. Four new \$100 scholarships. Annual expenses \$400. Address, Miss EMILY A. MEANS, Principal.



THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.
Volume V.

NO. 2887. NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXIII.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN

I.

FROMENTIERE.

"Be quiet, Redstocking! Don't you know your neighbors?"

The dog thus addressed, a mongrel with a woolly grey coat, which terminated in long, tawny locks above his forepaws, immediately stopped barking beside the gate, trotted along the grass-border that encircled the ploughed field, and seated himself, with a comfortable sense of duty done, at the end of a row of cabbages, which the farmer was engaged in stripping. A man was approaching by the same path—a tall, brisk-looking man, in dark velveteens and gaiters, who moved with the rapid, even stride of one whose business requires much walking. His pale, drawn features with their fringe of black beard, and his roving glance which followed the lines of the hedge-rows restlessly and mechanically, bespoke fatigue, suspicion and the incessantly disputed authority of the overseer. It was the bailiff of the Marquis de la Fromentière, and he paused behind Redstocking, who gave him a furtive wink, though his ears never moved.

"Good morning, Lumineau!"

"Good morning!"

"I want a word with you. I've a letter from M. le Marquis."

He seemed to expect the farmer to approach him, but Lumineau did not budge. The round-shouldered peasant, with his armful of green leaves, glanced sideways at the motionless figure of the overseer, planted stiffly in the grass about thirty paces away, as if to enquire what was wanted. Then his heavy face broadened and his deep-sunk eyes narrowed with the faint suggestion of a smile and, by way of asserting his independence, he silently resumed his work. He was on ground which he considered his own, by virtue of a contract which had been renewed periodically from time immemorial. His cabbages formed a sort of rampart about him, lying in splendid heaps, which displayed every imaginable tint of blue, green and violet, all intensified by the rays of the descending sun. Tall as he was, the farmer looked like a ship half submerged in the compact and living sea of his abundant crop. Nothing was visible of him save his short waistcoat and the round felt hat with its dangling velvet ribbons, perched on

* Copyright by The Living Age Co.

the back of his head after the fashion of the country. When he had sufficiently emphasized, by a few moments of plodding silence, the superiority of a farmer-at-the-halves over any salaried menial, he straightened himself and said:

"You can speak. There's nobody here but the dog and I."

The man replied with irritation, "M. le Marquis is displeased that you have not paid your rent up to St. John's day. You'll soon be three months behindhand."

"He knows that I have lost two oxen this year, and that the wheat isn't worth two pence, and that we have got to live,—I and my boys, and the creatures—"

By "the creatures" he meant, as the men of the Marais often do, his daughters, Eleanor and Rose.

"Pooh, pooh, my good man! It's not explanations M. le Marquis wants of you, but money."

The farmer shrugged his shoulders. "He wouldn't expect it if he were here in his own Fromentière. He and I have always been friends, as I may say, and so were his father and mine. I should just tell him how things have been going with me of late, and he would understand. But, dear, dear! It's another sort of folk we have to deal with nowadays! We never see the master any more, and some folks say we never shall. It's a great misfortune for us!"

"That may be," said the other, "but I must obey orders. When will you pay?"

"It is easy to say 'When will you pay?' but finding the money is another matter."

"Shall I say that you will not pay?"

"You will say that I shall pay—if he insists. I will pay at Michaelmas, which is not far off."

The farmer was bending to his toil again when the bailiff added: "You will also do well, Lumineau, to keep

an eye on that farm servant of yours. I found some snares the other day down in the quail-fields, which must have been set by him."

"Had he written his name on them?"

"He had not; but he is known for the most impudent thief in the countryside. So be careful! M. le Marquis has written that he will turn out the whole family if any one of you is caught poaching again!"

The peasant let fall his armful of cabbages and doubled his fists.

"You lie! He never said such a word! I know him better than you do, and he knows me. It's not by fellows like you that he sends such messages! M. le Marquis turn out his old Lumineau—Never!"

"I tell you I have his written word for it."

"And I tell you that you lie!"

"Well, we shall see," remarked the overseer, turning on his heel. "You've had your warning. That Jean Nesmy will do you an ill turn yet. Not to mention," he added, "that he's rather too attentive to your daughter for a ne'er-do-weel from the Bocage. It makes talk, you know."

The farmer turned red, threw out his chest, pushed his hat down hard upon his head, and made a step forward, as though he would have flown at the man who had insulted him. But the latter made off rapidly by the help of his white thorn walking-stick, and had already taken his discontented profile far down the hedge-row. In truth he was a little afraid of the gigantic old man whose fists were still formidable. Moreover, he remembered several instances in which his measures had been disavowed and his threats made void by the Marquis whom they both served, and whose indulgence towards the Lumineau family he could never understand.

The peasant meanwhile remained, staring at the rapidly diminishing fig-

ure of the bailiff. On the side of the field opposite the gate there was a stile which the man mounted and so disappeared, to the left of the farm, in one of the shady paths leading to the chateau. As soon as he was out of sight—

"No," repeated Lumineau aloud, "M. le Marquis never said that! Turn us out, indeed!"

Absorbed in that threat of eviction, he forgot for the moment the overseer's insinuation about his daughter Marie-Rose.

He surveyed the whole scene slowly, with an unwontedly stern look in his eyes as though he would call all the familiar objects about him to witness that the man had indeed lied, and then resumed his toil.

The sun had now sunk to where it touched the line of pollarded elms which bordered the field on the west; the slender tree-stems bent by the sea wind, were surmounted by tufts of leaves that gave them the look of huge China-asters. It was early September, and wafts of warm air still traversed the prevailing coolness. The farmer worked rapidly and without pause, like a young man. He stretched forth his hand and the leaves, torn from the cabbage stalks with a sound like breaking glass, piled themselves up about him, as the sky darkened over the furrows. Submerged in shadow as the mists began to mount, and all but lost to view amid those great velvety flakes, limp from the day's heat and striped with purple veins, he seemed a part of the very vegetation, and the back of his waistcoat was scarcely discernible in the waste of blue-green billows. But if his bent body belonged to the soil, his mind was abnormally active, and while he worked he reasoned upon life. The anger provoked by the threats of the overseer faded away, as he reflected that he could have nothing to fear from the Marquis de la Fromentière. Were they not both of the noblesse, and

did they not know one another? The farmer was descended from a Lumineau who had served in the great war. And though he seldom alluded to the matter, owing to his altered circumstances, all the world, both gentle and simple, knew very well that his grandfather, a perfect giant, who went by the name of *Brin d'Amour*, had taken the leaders of the insurrection in his punt across the flooded flats of La Vendée, and struck some famous blows upon his own account; and that he had been presented with a sword which was now resting in a cupboard at the farm. No race was more deeply rooted in that soil than his, and he had cousins more or less remote, on thirty farms, scattered all over the territory which extends from Saint-Gilles to the Isle of Bouin, and which constitutes what is called the Marais. Neither he nor any one else knew when his ancestors had begun to cultivate the lands of Fromentière. A verbal contract had existed for centuries between a Marquis on the one hand and a Lumineau on the other, linked together by time-honored custom, knowing the land equally well and loving it in the same way, drinking its native wine together when they met, and unable to imagine such a thing as that either should ever quit those neighboring homesteads—the chateau and the farm—which both went by the same name.

It was a surprise, to be sure, when the last Marquis, Monsieur Henri, who was rather more of a sporting and drinking man than any of his ancestors, had said to Toussaint Lumineau one sleety Christmas morning some eight years before, "Toussaint, I am going to Paris to live. My wife doesn't like it here. She thinks it cold and dreary. But never you mind, I shall come back one of these days." He had come back but seldom, and only for a day or two at a time, but it was not to be supposed that he had forgotten

the past. He was always the same rough but not unkindly master, and the overseer had lied when he spoke of turning them out.

The more Toussaint reflected, the more difficult he found it to believe that a master so wealthy, so lavish, and so essentially good-natured as his could ever have written such a letter. He must pay, of course; well, he would pay. The farmer had not two hundred francs of ready money in the walnut-wood chest beside his bed, but his children were rich. They had more than two thousand francs apiece from their mother, La Luminette, who had died about three years before. He would ask his younger son, François, to lend him the requisite sum. François was a good boy and would never leave his father in the lurch. The stress would be removed; the crops were coming in well; it would be a fine year, and they would all be happy again.

Tired of his cramped position, Lumineau straightened himself up, wiped the moisture from his face with his woollen sleeve, and stood regarding the roof-tree of his own Fromentière with the intent gaze of one who has all that he loves beneath his eye. He had removed his hat in order to dry his forehead, and in the low light which no longer touched the grass and the cabbages—an atmosphere dim and quiet like a happy old age—he lifted his powerful square-cut visage. His complexion was not muddy, like that of the parsimonious peasant in some of our provinces, but wholesome and fresh. The full cheeks, with their narrow fringe of whisker, the straight thick nose and massive jaw, the whole mask including the clear, bright, grey eyes, which always looked one straight in the face, bespoke health, strength, and the habit of command; while the wide mouth, and the flexible and expressive though sunburned lips, hinted at a ready flow of speech, and the harm-

less conceit of the man of the Marais, who thinks little of what does not belong to him. The solid pad of his unkempt hair shone white as snow above his ears.

Standing thus uncovered and motionless in the fading light, the farmer's was a truly majestic figure, and it seemed natural that he should be classed, as he commonly was, among the "gentry." He was also nicknamed Bisnop Lumineau, to distinguish him from several others of the same name: Weathercock Lumineau, Poor Lumineau, and Lumineau with the Light Beard.

So he stood off, as it were, and surveyed from a distance his Fromentière. Between the elms, a few hundred metres to the south, the pale red of the tiled roofs gleamed like irregular bits of enamel. The wind came laden with the low of homing cattle, the odor of stables, and that of the fennel and chamomile which lay drying on the threshing-floor. It was more than enough to evoke in the breast of the farmer a complete image of his home, and as his eye followed the ridge of the roof, defined against the waning light, he told over the names of the children whom it sheltered—Mathurin, François, Eleanore, Marie-Rose—a heavy charge; the joy at once and the burden of his life. His eldest—that splendid eldest—the victim of a dreadful accident, condemned to be but a sad spectator of the toil of others; Eleanore who took her dead mother's place; François the light and easy-going, in whom it was hard to see the future master of the farm; Rosette, the youngest, only twenty years old—what had the bailiff meant about the hired man's courting her? Was that another of his lies? Of course it was! How should his servant, the son of a poor widow in the Bocage,—miserable, swampy land!—have presumed to approach the daughter of a farmer—at the

halves in the Marais? He might of course, cherish a respectful admiration for that pretty creature, whose rosy cheeks everybody praised as she came away from mass in the Church of Sallertaine; but beyond that! . . . However, he would keep an eye on them, Toussaint Lumineau did not allow his thoughts to dwell on the gibes of the overseer. The next instant he was musing with a peculiar sense of comfort and satisfaction upon his one absent child, the son next older than Rose, who was in the light cavalry, and who had gone, as a matter of course, to Algiers with his colonel, a brother of the Marquis de la Fromentière. He had only a month more of service, however, this youngest son, and would soon be back among them: the handsome, fair-haired, long-limbed Maralchin, the image of what his father had been, a fine fellow, passionately attached to Sallertaine and to the farm. All anxieties would vanish in the pride and the joy of having once more beside him the boy whom the women of Châlans turned to look after as he passed, saying, "That fine fellow is Lumineau's youngest son!"

It was no uncommon thing for the farmer to stand thus when work was over, dreamily surveying his domain. To-night he lingered longer than usual amid the shifting heaps of pale, dry fallen leaves, which took on, in the twilight, the aspect of freshly-drawn furrows. The trees themselves looked like dim puffs of smoke encircling the fields. The vast vault of sky, exceeding clear, which overarched the scene, let fall upon earthly objects only a thin powder of light that revealed but did not illuminate them. Turning at last in the direction of Fromentière, and making a speaking trumpet of his hands, Lumineau shouted:—

"Holloa, Rosette!"

The first to answer this call was the dog Redstocking, who dashed across

the enclosure like a water spout. After him came, from a distance, the sound of a clear young voice:

"I'm coming, father!"

The peasant stooped, seized a rope, hastily bound up and swung over his shoulder a mass of the stripped cabbage leaves, and then started forward down the furrow, arms lifted and head bowed, staggering under the huge burden which projected beyond his shoulders up on either side. Following thus across the ploughed land, the trail of man and beast, he soon reached a corner of the field where the slim figure of a very young girl became visible in an opening of the hedge. It was Rosette, who sprang lightly over the stile, lifting her short skirts above her black stockings and sharp-toed wooden shoes.

"Good evening, father!"

He thought of the base word the balliff had spoken and did not answer.

Marie-Rose stood with her hands on her hips and shook her small head sagely, as he passed on. Then she too went into the ploughed ground, gathered up more of the fallen leaves, bound them into a bundle with a cord which she had brought, lifted them as her father had done, and bending beneath the load, went rapidly away along the grass border of the field. It had taken her barely ten minutes to do this, and her father must already have gone in under cover. As she approached the stile she heard, from the summit of the slope that her footpath skirted, a low whistle, like that of a lapwing. The girl showed no alarm when a man jumped over into the field, but she lowered her load in front of her, he making no attempt to come nearer, and they exchanged a few brief sentences.

"That's too heavy for you, Rosette."

"Nonsense, I'm strong! Have you seen father?"

"No, I have only just come in. Has he said anything against me?"

"He said nothing, but he gave me a very queer look. I think, Jean, that he suspects something. And really you ought not to stay out to-night. He hates poaching, and he will scold you."

"What is it to him where I pass my nights if I get to work in the morning as early as the rest? Do I ever stick at any task he gives me? I've heard from the folk at La Sentière and also from the miller of Mogue-Souris that the lapwings have come; and since 'tis full moon to-night I must get a few, and you shall have them in the morning."

"But, Jean, I don't really think you ought—"

The man had a gun slung to his shoulder belt, and over his brown waistcoat he wore a very short blouse hardly reaching his waist-band. He was young and slight, about as tall as Rose herself, brown-skinned and wiry, with pale regular features, crossed by a moustache that turned up slightly at the ends. The very hue of his complexion showed that he was not born in the Marais where the sea-fogs make the skin soft and ruddy, but in a harder land of small and poor holdings. But the keen, thin face, the straight line of the eyebrows, the restless, brilliant eyes, all suggested a fund of indomitable energy, and a tenacity of purpose that would defy contradiction. The apprehensions of Marie-Rose did not trouble the youth in the very least. A little for the love of her, but more for that mere love of sport and especially of midnight marauding so often found in primitive souls like his, he had resolved to go poaching that night in the Marais. Nothing would have turned him from his purpose, not even the notion that it might displease Rosette. As for her, she seemed but a child. With her fresh Marais color, the smooth oval of her cheeks, the pure outline of her forehead, from which

the glossy hair was drawn tightly back at the temples, and the straight line of the lips, which seemed all ready either to lift in laughter or to droop with tears, she looked like the little girls who carry banners in processions. But the chestnut brown eyes of exactly the same shade as her hair had a very steady expression full of youthful tenderness, but serious, dignified, resolved. This farm-hand of her father's had loved her long without telling his love, but now for a year they had been secretly engaged. Many a wealthy farmer's son and horse-or-cattle-breeder had peered under the flowered muslin cap of Rosette as she came out from mass of a Sunday in the costume of the women of Sallertaine, hoping to win an answering glance, but she never heeded them. She was promised to Jean Nemy—a taciturn fellow from a distance, without a sou, who had neither power, position, or even regard elsewhere than in the breast of this maiden. Already she obeyed him. In the house they never addressed one another, and even outside they exchanged only a few hasty words when they chanced to meet, for fear of being overheard by her brothers, especially by Mathurin, the cripple, who was terribly jealous and inquisitive. Least of all would it do to be caught now, so without noticing the remonstrance of Marie-Rose, Jean hurriedly demanded:

"Have you brought everything?"

She did not insist upon her caution, but answered "yes," and forthwith drew from the pocket of her gown a bottle of wine, and a slice of coarse bread which she held out with a smile that made her face shine even in the twilight.

"There you are, Jean," she said, "but I tell you I had work to get them. Leonore is always watching, and Mathurin follows me everywhere."

There was a caressing note in her voice, as though she longed to say, "I

love you!" but she merely added, "When will you come back?"

"At daybreak, through the walled orchard."

The young man lifted his blouse as he spoke and put the bread and wine in a linen bag, a relic of his military service, which he wore slung round his neck. He was so absorbed for the moment in this petty proceeding that he did not see how Rosette bent forward and listened intently to a certain noise which came from the direction of the farm. When he had fastened the two buttons of his linen bag, the girl was listening still.

"What shall I say," she inquired gravely, "if father asks for you presently?"

Jean Nesmy touched his felt hat, which was without a band and larger than those usually worn in the Marais, and with a laugh that showed a row of teeth as white as fresh bread, he answered:

"Good night, Rosette! Just say to your father that I have gone out to get some lapwings for my dear girl."

And with a rapid wave of the hand he turned away, leaped into the next field and climbed the hill, the barrel of his gun gleaming faintly, for a moment more, amid the foliage.

Rosette remained standing by the gap in the hedge while her thoughts went after the receding figure. Again there were sounds in the darkness, a

flapping of wings and squeaking of startled poultry; a noise of scraping iron. It was Eleanore locking, as she did every evening before supper, the door of the shed where the poultry were housed for the night. Marie-Rose would be late, and snatching up the leafy burden she leaped the stile and moved swiftly off toward Fromentière. She crossed the grass-grown and uneven road which wound down from the uplands and ended at no great distance on the edge of the Marais, pushed open a heavy gate, followed, for a short distance, a crumbling wall overgrown with vines, and through the dark vault of a ruinous archway, that gaped solemnly under the night sky, she entered a courtyard surrounded by buildings. The barn where they stored the green fodder stood on the left near the stable, and letting fall her load of cabbage leaves the girl shook out her wet skirts and approached the long, low, tile-roofed house which formed the base of the courtyard. Arrived at the last door on the right, through the cracks and key-hole of which light streamed out, she paused for an instant, yielding to a sense of dread such as had often visited her before. The clatter of spoons upon plates was audible from within. Men's voices could also be distinguished, and the sound of a dragging footstep. Opening the door with as little noise as possible she glided in.

(To be continued.)

"KIND MASTER, MERRY MAN."

Servants of God, why go ye hollow-eyed?

Is not His wage secured, His board supplied?

Ye shame your Master with your grievous face,

Hinting that Satan's were the better place.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN IN CHINA.

I.

The news of Lord Salisbury's agreement with Russia concerning China has just reached us out in the Far East. It indicates a turning-point in the whole Chinese question. The moment, therefore, is opportune for a general review of the situation and reconsideration of our policy in future.

Does this agreement portend a future parcelling out of China between the Great Powers? Does it mean that Lord Salisbury despairs of a "hands off" *plus* "open door" policy, which hitherto he has steadily maintained, and which, indeed, may broadly be said to epitomize the general policy of Britain towards China for the last fifty years? Has he made up his mind to a future partition, or are Russia and Britain simply arranging a mutual understanding to prevent undignified squabbles between them as to railway and other concessions?

I greatly prefer to believe that Lord Salisbury honestly means what he says in the preamble to the treaty, and that it is really intended to provide a guarantee for the integrity and independence of China. Many people will probably regard this preamble as a more or less conventional utterance, usually probably prefixed to a treaty of this kind for decency's sake. At all events, the effect of it will entirely depend on the spirit in which the treaty is worked in practice; and Russia's interpretation thereof may differ widely from ours.

No doubt by such an undertaking with Russia we have earmarked still more decidedly the Yang-tse Valley territories for Britain's sphere of influence. But it by no means follows thereupon that we are intending by-

and-by to swallow up those territories ourselves. On the contrary, we propose to deal with the matter in a self-denying spirit; we shall so work our sphere of influence in practice as simply to keep other Powers out while keeping our own hands clean. This is the only legitimate interpretation of the treaty, and I shall here assume that this is its real meaning and purpose, at least as far as we are concerned.

We have therefore marked out the great Yank-tse Valley territories and the larger half, at least, of Kwangtung for our sphere of influence, in order to keep them open to our trade and to the world's trade, while, so far as they are concerned, preserving the integrity of the Chinese Empire. We shall confine ourselves to the legitimate exploitation of trade, commerce and industry in them.

I add Kwangtung to the Yang-tse Valley in the above statement of our position, because it is perfectly well known everywhere that we shall not tolerate any interference by any Power in this great and fertile province immediately adjoining Hong Kong, and containing the city of Canton, which is a great commercial emporium in the closest relations with Hong Kong itself. Of this our intention we have, moreover, practically given notice in two ways. First, when the French included it in the non-alienation declaration which they obtained from China regarding the extreme southwestern provinces bordering on Tonking, we promptly restored the disturbed equilibrium by gaining a similar declaration from the Chinese to ourselves concerning the same territory. Secondly, we have more recently taken a more decisive step, by getting from the Chinese

a lease of an additional slice of Kwangtung to round off and strengthen our hold upon our pre-existing territory at Hong Kong and Kowloon.¹

Including, therefore, one-half of Kwangtung, by the above policy we shall, for the present at least, preserve to the Chinese about one-half the area of China proper, including considerably more than half of its total population. Moreover, by our influence, direct or indirect, on other Powers, as by a coming treaty with Germany, we shall tend to preserve from any actual occupation or annexation the greater part at least of the large balance which lies outside our sphere. Briefly, while Manchuria may be regarded as lost to Russia, we shall give the Chinese a fair chance of preserving practically the whole of China proper, less Sundry little nibbles on the extreme coastline occupied by the various Powers as *pieds-à-terre* in their respective spheres of influence. The future, therefore, of China depends upon herself; she has now got another lease of life. If she is willing to learn, she may yet preserve her empire from being broken up.

Let us now examine this policy in its moral, political, and commercial aspects.

II

In a former paper on this subject² I have indicated very clearly my opinion of the morality, or the immorality, of such an unprovoked aggression by the Great Powers on China as was then in full progress, but as some readers appear to have wrongly credited me with aggressive ideas of my own on the subject, may I be permitted to quote the following words from that paper to show that they are in error?

The present condition of China pre-

sents a very sorry and pitiful spectacle. What is the result of eighteen long centuries of Christianity and civilization in its bearing on the present conduct of the European Powers? They have found a sick man by the wayside; how will they treat them? Why, of course they will pour oil and wine into his wounds; they will find balm of Gilead for his sorrows. As a matter of fact, are they not, one and all, surrounding the helpless Chinese Empire like a set of hungry sharks attacking a dying whale? Each shark vies with his neighbors in biting out a choice mouthful for himself.

Surely this is plain enough, and I need only repeat that the aggression of the Great Powers on China, so far as it has been due to a greedy coveting of their neighbor's goods, is immoral and unrighteous. Lord Salisbury, therefore, is greatly to be congratulated that he has now set up a more altruistic and Christian standard, by crying "Hands off." To this enlightened and unselfish policy let us hope we shall now steadily adhere. Thereby we shall keep our hands clean whatever happens in China.

It is only a very few years since we Britons were loud in our complaints of the selfish greed of the French in their aggression in Siam. Let us not give any real occasion to them or to any other Power to cry "*Tu quoque*" to us in relation to China.

This, however, does not mean that we must sit up in a balloon, serenely aloft, and allow British interests to go by default in China, for fear it should be said that we are greedy and covetous. On the contrary, we must look after them and secure them by every legitimate means. Nevertheless, I freely admit it will tax the trained capacity in law and equity of a Lord Chancellor in the future to say precisely, in many concrete instances, where the legiti-

¹ We have not opposed the French occupation of Kwangchow Bay in the peninsula of Lien chow. The S.W. portion of Kwangtung comes therefore within the French sphere.

² "Our Future Empire in the Far East," *Contemporary Review*, August, 1898.

mate protection or exploitation of British interests ends and an unjustifiable aggression on China begins. All that Lord Salisbury can reasonably be expected to do is to take a broad view of the whole matter, and do his best to hold a fair and even balance between the onerous demands of "British interests" on the one side, and the just claims and rights of China on the other.

It may most easily happen, and will, as I think, most probably happen, that we shall be driven to assert ourselves strongly in the great Yang-tse Valley, or even to proceed, for a time at least, to an effective occupation of it. This will not necessarily be a robbery and spoliation of China, any more than was Gordon's occupation of certain portions of Chinese territory in order to put down one of the worst curses that ever afflicted humanity, the Tai-Pings, whereby he practically saved China from destruction. But, having now laid down sound guiding principles, Lord Salisbury can only wait upon events, and deal with each new development on its merits as it rises.

III.

Morally, then, the partitioning of China among the Great Powers, by the conversion of their vague spheres of influence into actual territorial annexations out of pure greed, would be a crime. I shall now endeavor to show that, politically, it would be that worse thing in the view of the cynical philosopher than a crime: it would be a mistake. This at first sight is not very obvious, and we must look a little closer into the matter before I can hope to justify this position.

Unquestionably, the cardinal fact of the existing situation is that China is helpless, bewildered and prostrate. And I have already argued at length, in my former paper on this subject above re-

ferred to, that we could, if we were so minded, proceed to a more or less effective occupation of the whole huge Yang-tse Valley with comparative ease. I have also there endeavored to show the many blessings and the enlightenment which such a British rule might probably bring with it to the Chinese themselves. Here then we have, no doubt, strong arguments in favor of such a course. But it was quite impossible, within the limits of a single paper, to exhaust such a vast subject as this. I could only deal with one side of the question, so let us now consider the other side. We may best state the problem in this way: Granting that the Great Powers can now partition out China if they will, and that the probable fall of the dynasty and collapse of the central Government may presently give them a good opportunity and excuse for doing so, will it pay them? Can they hold the country permanently when they have got it? or, will they not ultimately be driven to withdraw from it after endless trouble and expense? In order to answer this question we must look beyond the temporary conditions of the moment, which, as I admit, are politically very favorable to a forward policy, and take a broad view of the Chinese and of the whole case.

For a long period prior to the war with Japan, the general tendency everywhere was to over-estimate the coming strength and the fighting capacity of the Chinese. We had a whole series of articles, it will be remembered, in the English and American Reviews, with such titles as "Will China Rule the World?" The only question then seemed to be, not whether China was a vast reservoir of potential power, which was universally admitted, but whether this future power would be sufficient to endanger Western civilization. Lord Wolseley led the way in this by expressing an alarmist

view of coming Chinese fighting strength.²

The besetting tendency of human nature is always to run to extremes in these matters, to worship success, and to run down the beaten side. For a whole generation after Jena the fighting capacity of the Germans was most unduly depreciated all over Europe, and I well remember when the war of 1870 was declared, there was only one officer to be found in a certain British garrison to back the Germans; and had he supported his opinion by betting, he could easily have won large sums at very favorable odds from all his brother officers in that garrison. According now that the Chinese have been hopelessly beaten by the Japs, the tendency everywhere is to pour contempt upon their fighting value, present or future, without making any fair allowance for the special conditions of that struggle, which simply never gave their rank and file—or the coolies dressed up in uniform who figured largely in it—any fair chance at all.

Nevertheless, after some personal experience of the Chinese in China, I am now prepared to stand by the favorable estimate of their military value which I published in 1892, from which I venture to quote the following:

The Chinese are a tough and stubborn race. They hold human life very cheap, their own lives as individuals included. They have small sympathy with that overstrained sensibility, that almost morbid humanitarianism, that nervous shrinking from wounds, suffering and death, which is a growing characteristic of our recent European civilization. Thereby the endurance and fighting capacity of all or most European armies, as compared with what they were a century or less ago, may perhaps have been lowered much more than we are as yet aware. . . . The Chinese can live on rations which

would starve European troops, and face fatigue and hardships with wonderful patience and endurance. These are invaluable military qualities.

Lord Wolseley's estimate, although no doubt it may have been somewhat overstrained is yet not nearly so far astray as most people imagine. The Chinese will probably make very good troops when they are properly fed, disciplined, trained to a fine *esprit de corps*, and led by good officers.

But we need not argue further on this question, as I hope to show that apart from actual fighting in the field, the Chinese can make their country too hot to hold foreigners if they really set themselves steadily to do so.

If there be one Chinese characteristic more fixed and certain than another it is emphatically their toughness and stubbornness. Herein the Chinaman is far more like the badger than is any other specimen of the *genus homo*. This inherent race quality naturally arises out of, and might well have been predicted from, Chinese history and environment. The Chinaman of to-day is pre-eminently a specimen of the survival of the fittest. His ancestors for untold generations have been accustomed to work longer hours to prolong existence under more trying and insanitary conditions, to eat humbler food and rest in a more uncertain and casual sleep than probably any other race on earth. His physical constitution has responded to this ordeal. If we were to select fifty good average healthy specimens of fifty of the most varied races of men, white and colored, and set them all to work together under similar but specially arduous and trying conditions of hard toil, scanty and repellant fare, bad water, little sleep, etc., till forty-nine of them were knocked up and done for, we should very probably find that the solitary survivor would be the slow-moving Chinaman; and that he, after a good

² See Review of Reviews, September, 1890. p. 282.

square meal and a day's rest, would be fit for work again the day following.

His mental constitution is closely akin to his physical constitution: it is tough, stubborn, unresponsive, and slow to move. This is why the Chinese and their Government are moving so slowly or not moving at all at present. Any other race of 400,000,000, possessing one-half of the real vitality and capacity of the Chinese, would have been up in arms *en masse* long before this, against the inroads of the foreigner. But the Chinaman is very hard to move. He does not see why he should put himself out of his accustomed paths for anybody, whether foreign devils or otherwise; consequently his feeble central Government is left helpless and gets no support. Nor will he move most probably until the visible presence and iconoclastic workings of the foreigner are fairly brought home to him in his own native village, where he works surrounded by the graves of his ancestors on every hillside. Then he will move, and, as I venture to predict, he will move in such a case to some purpose, but it will be in his own way—quite apart from any Government—for he will not be likely to consult the far-off and helpless powers at Peking.

In order to show the sort of way in which he will then go to work, I will here give a few extracts from a report* of a missionary of high standing in Chi-me, a district in Shangtung; premising that there is nothing in the least unusual or uncommon about it. It is only an ordinary average specimen selected at random from similar accounts. It shows how John Chinaman is now just beginning to move in Shangtung with reference to the German inroad on that province.

Early in March this year a sect was

organized in Western Chi-me called the "Great Knife Sect." The object of this sect, so far as can be learned from outside sources, is unrelenting hostility to the Christian religion and to all foreigners. It is estimated that the enrolled members now number more than 1000, and daily increasing.

Then he goes on to describe how they attacked and plundered fourteen villages containing native Christians and savagely maltreated the villagers. When he appealed to the local magistrate he did not get much comfort or support from him or from his myrmidons, the Yamen runners:—

The magistrates did not deign to reply, or even send a card acknowledging my letter. No one has been arrested. The men sent from the Yamen to see the wounded men, it is said, reported concerning one man whose head was battered by the rioters so that his life was almost despaired of, that he was suffering from a severe attack of boils and not from any other injury.

The report about the boils is thoroughly Chinese. These things are but the first catpaws of a rising wind, which will be a storm, if the Germans should try to annex any considerable portion of Shangtung, and to ride roughshod over its inhabitants with their military methods and disciplinary ideas. China has long been honey-combed with secret societies, at the organization of which the Chinese are past masters. They are adepts at co-operation generally, as is well shown by their powerful guilds or trades unions all over China. These constitute a great standing protection to the people, as, if the local magistrate tries to "squeeze" them with taxation beyond what they consider fair and reasonable, the guilds assemble to mob and frighten him, or in various ways bring strong pressure to bear on him.

These societies, whether secret or

* See the Hong Kong Daily Press, May 8, 1890.

open, are most easily capable of a vast and incalculable development. I repeat that, should the Germans, or any other Power, try to rule any considerable fraction of China with the "mallet fist"—that is, with a personal and visible rule enforced by an overt display of foreign force and foreign methods, calculated to bring them and their occupation unpleasantly home to the minds of the slow-moving villagers—they will infallibly find themselves confronted with a stubborn and prolonged opposition, far too strong to be coped with by any reasonable or practicable expenditure of European money and European power. Should the Germans try to push their actual occupation far into Shangtung, they will probably find presently that the game is not worth the candle, and will be glad to clear out again, and confine themselves to a small strip on the sea-coast, and to the exploitation of railways, mines, commerce, etc., in the interior.

But, it may be said, these societies are destitute of arms and ammunition; they have no money, no skilled leaders, no knowledge of war; how can they contend against the disciplined troops of a first-class Power? Any one who talks thus shows that he is ignorant of the existing secret societies in China, of their power of raising funds, of the nature of their workings, and still more ignorant of the great scale of their probable operations and their vast potential power once they are strongly supported by universal popular sympathy. These anti-foreign societies in the supposed case, judging by what they actually do now, will raise large sums by enforced contributions levied on a gradual scale as a regular tax on the entire population. Any one who refuses to pay will be promptly brought to book, and will be lucky if he gets off with his life, or with the loss of all he is worth. They will import rifles by

the thousand and ammunition by the ton from Europe and America, for rifles and ammunition can always be obtained by people who will pay for them. They will terrify and pillage every village or town that does not support them. If open warfare does not suit them, they have only to issue orders that the foreigners are to be boycotted, and then life to the foreigners will be made intolerable. They will get no servants, no coolies to carry their equipage, no food, forage, or supplies without an armed escort to fetch and protect it. Any villager who sells them a bottle of milk or a fowl will be heavily fined and terrorized. If the foreign devils occupy any given town, mysterious Chinese placards will appear by the score on the walls and houses in the morning calling on the inhabitants to murder them or poison them, and threatening them with very heavy penalties if they do not. Then any foreigner will eat food at the risk of his life, and if he goes a mile outside the town without an escort he will be cut to pieces. All the well-known methods of Irish boycotting will be brought into play in a greatly aggravated form, *plus* a hundred others which the inexhaustible ingenuity of the Chinaman will easily devise. Briefly, such societies, part open, part secret, but all more or less in sympathy with the populations, and covertly supported by any and every native Government of China, can, and will, if they are so minded, make life unendurable for the foreigner. These considerations will, it is hoped, tend on a broad view to justify my position above, that any extended territorial annexations by the Powers generally would be politically a mistake.

IV.

Nevertheless, it by no means necessarily follows that we Britons could

not, if we were so minded, or if circumstances should compel us or induce us, occupy the whole Yang-tse Valley, with all the vast territories therein, in a certain very real and practical sense. That is, we could proclaim it British protected territory, paint it red on the map, assume in a general way the responsibility for its administration, and exploit it to advantage commercially. This, I think, we could do with comparative ease. The question has been argued at some length in my former paper.

The cardinal point and keystone of such an occupation or administration is that it must be harmonized with, and adapted to, the genius of the slow-moving and ultra-conservative people with whom we are dealing. The millions of quiet toiling folk, who form probably 97 per cent. of all the inhabitants of China, must find no appreciable change. They will never see a red coat, and seldom at first see a white man. They will only hear of them occasionally as foolish and ignorant foreigners, who pay much more than it is worth for everything they want, and are easy to squeeze. The only difference they will find in their lives will be that by degrees their heavy burdens will be lightened. Extortionate taxation and perpetual squeezes will be minimized and eventually abolished. The courts and the administration of justice will be gradually purified. There will be a steadily increasing hope of justice and mercy for the poor man. Cruel and inhuman punishments will disappear and be no longer heard of. All these improvements will come down from above, through Chinese officials and Chinese agents, mysteriously chosen and influenced by some unseen power, which will always remain in the background and out of sight. Briefly, we must rule the Chinese by Chinese men and Chinese methods, from the top, with no appreciable change at any giv-

en moment anywhere, except in directions which will be most welcome to the people themselves. By a wise and well directed policy of this kind the masses of the people will never be stirred against our rule. It will be a purely nominal matter between their Chinese Governors and us, with which they will have no concern, and about which they will never trouble themselves, so long as they are let alone to pursue their old paths and their accustomed avocations in peace. The slowness and inertia of the race will then be an all-important factor on our side. It must be borne in mind in considering this whole subject that all analogies drawn from the experience of more sensitive and highly organized Western communities are entirely misleading. If a hostile force of French or Germans were to land in Kent, the telegraphic news would instantly create a ferment in Land's End and John o'Groats, and vibrate to every corner of the British Empire. But in China we might be in actual occupation of whole provinces for months or years before the toiling millions in other provinces even heard of it. Or, if they did hear, it would be a far-off matter, about which they would never trouble themselves, so long as they were not affected.

Great Britain is probably the only Power in the world at this moment which, by its traditions and experience, is fitted for and capable of establishing and maintaining such an unseen rule as this over China. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that we could do it, and make a grand success of it, provided we were to undertake it with becoming wisdom, caution and circumspection. The secret and other societies, which at first, no doubt, would be opposed to our rule, will then tend to die out and disappear. They will have no fulcrum to work from—that is, they will get no support from the masses of the people,

whose anti-foreign feelings and prejudices will never be really stirred, and who would be increasingly happy and contented under our rule.

The French and Germans are quite out of the running, unless we are to imagine that they are capable of laying aside all their ingrained ideas and deeply rooted methods, and of taking an entirely new departure in administration. This to me is incredible. The Russians will presumably be fully occupied for a generation to come in exploiting Manchuria, which forms no part of China proper.

The various provinces of our future Chinese Empire would then be ruled by Chinese Governors, appointed by the British Government, which would pay them liberal salaries, with strict precautions against squeezing and maladministration. They would be supported by a few British bayonets and British gunboats stationed in central localities; but the majority of the troops would be Chinese under British officers. A practically omnipotent British Resident would "advise" the Viceroy or Governors. The lines of our administration are clearly marked out for us by the existing provincial system of government. This is excellent in theory, well adapted to the Chinese, and we should simply set ourselves to raise and purify it by degrees. Our British officials and representatives would, in the first instance, be partly borrowed from India, where the semi-independent feudatory states are in a very similar position, and partly from Egypt where also we are dealing successfully with a somewhat similar set of conditions. We should then gradually train up a more enlightened and progressive Chinese civil administration, whose chiefs would learn to look to the British Resident for light, leading and promotion. After some years of such a rule we could probably afford to introduce British officials in all

the higher appointments throughout the country by degrees, as vacancies occurred. Presently they would control all the departments. Then the administration would tend gradually to approximate to the Indian standard. I have already pointed out in my former paper that in all this we should be very powerfully aided by the Chinese system of public examinations, which we should direct on the required educational lines. The gist of the whole matter is that in such a quiet rule, there would be no point, from first to last, at which we should stir up the silent slow-moving masses of people against us.

V.

Now comes an all-important question: Are we, then, called upon thus to "take up the white man's burden" and rule China, or a large slice of it? Most certainly not, at this moment; for I have already said above that Lord Salisbury is highly to be commended for laying down a "hands off" and unaggressive line of policy. To this, it is to be hoped and expected, he will adhere. Nevertheless, it is quite possible, and, as I think, most probable that his hands will be forced by coming developments, and that we shall be practically driven to take up the white man's burden whether we like it or no.

For the present situation is that the whole of China is seething and fermenting with growing discontent and unrest. We have had several partial and local rebellions during the last two years, sundry defeats of the Imperial troops, and much trouble given to the Chinese authorities. They fortunately succeeded in disposing, by a simple and thoroughly Chinese process, of one unusually capable and powerful rebel leader, Yu Man-tsi, who was terrorizing a wide district in Szechuen and too strong for them. They bought him off,

imported him *per saltum* into the ranks of the Imperialists, and made a great man of him.

In spite of our presumed predetermination to stand by a non-aggressive policy, at any moment a serious crisis may arrive, and in all probability it will arrive in the course of the next year or two, necessitating our naval or military action in China. Thus, suppose a rebel leader with a strong force to be threatening any of the numerous ports along the 1500 miles' course of the navigable Yang-tse from Shanghai to Ichang. And suppose, as has so recently happened, the Chinese Government officials concerned are not strong enough to beat him and unable to buy him off. What is to happen? Are we to leave our small British colony to be destroyed, their property burnt out, and their numerous Chinese employes and myrmidons massacred? No British Government would hesitate to take action in such a case. If they did, the Russians, who have very considerable interests and many Russian subjects to protect there, would promptly send up a strong force from Port Arthur, where they have a small army in readiness; and then what becomes of our sphere of influence in the Yang-tse Valley?

Similarly for Canton and the Si-kiang or West River, in Kwangtung. Briefly, our hands are liable to be forced at any time, and will most likely be so forced in the course of the next few years.

But once we have undertaken such an expedition into China it may not be easy to withdraw again. British Governments are sometimes slow to move; the necessary troops for any land operations of the slightest consequence are not stationed, as they evidently should be, in the Far East. They must be sent from England or India. It seems very possible that we shall have to be indebted to the Russians after all, in

the first instance, for the protection of British lives and British property in our own sphere in the Yang-tse Valley, as their men are more immediately available. Then our Government will also send troops, and we shall have the further complication of British and Russian troops employed in the same locality in putting down a numerous but badly armed crew of bloodthirsty insurgents. In such a case, however, I make no doubt that Russian and British officers will fraternize and work amicably together, in the common cause. There will then be this good result: that old estranging Crimean memories will be happily washed out by the British and Russian blood shed in friendly co-operation and alliance. Nevertheless, politically, the resulting situation will, perhaps, not be altogether pleasant or reassuring to Lord Salisbury.

Of course the practical outcome of such a likely contingency as this will entirely depend upon the circumstances of the case, upon which it is vain to speculate in advance. We may, if we are lucky, be able to give the necessary protection to British lives and property at the moment by a naval flotilla and naval forces only, and then withdraw again. But it is equally possible that we may have to send strong forces, both naval and military, and find ourselves committed to prolonged operations over wide areas. These may easily end in, or eventually necessitate a more permanent occupation, unless by withdrawing we are to leave the whole country to anarchy and ruin. Those Powers which, by their action, cause the breakdown of the existing Chinese Government, and then put nothing in its place, will incur a terrible responsibility to humanity.

VI.

By far the best way, and as I think

the only way, to avoid such complications, is that we should have in readiness for instant action a small available field force on the spot in the Far East.

If a brigade of infantry and a couple of batteries of artillery were stationed at either of our two available *pieds-à-terre*, Hong Kong or Wei-hai-Wei, they could be sent up promptly whenever required, to co-operate with the British Admiral in snuffing out such a budding rebellion, say in the Yang-tse Valley, as soon as it became clear that this was too strong to be coped with by the Chinese Government. Then we should be in a position to rule the storm before it gathered too much force. The great Tai-Ping rebellion is a standing warning to us that in China it will not do to let such movements gain headway, unless, that is, we are prepared to see a very appreciable fraction of the whole human race plunged into a seething chaos of misery and ruin. In military as in most matters, a stitch in time saves nine. But, alas! spite of the moderate increase now in progress, the British army is still much too weak for its great and steadily growing responsibilities,* and the question is—where are the men to come from? It is to be feared that we may have to wait a long time for them. Meanwhile, and pending their arrival, the keys of the whole situation in the Far East may, in circumstances which will most easily arise, tend to slip out of British hands altogether, and pass into those of any Power which has a small body of troops immediately available at the right moment—that is, into the hands of Russia or Japan. This will land us in much worse difficulties later for want of a little timely display of force.

VII.

Another item wherein there is a great and crying need for improvement in

our position in the Far East at this moment, and which is probably more immediately pressing than the last, is our Intelligence Department. I use the word Department by courtesy and rather in reference to what ought to be than to what is. For, judging by all the signs of the times, such a properly organized office in connection with our British Embassy at Peking is practically non-existent. Otherwise how can we account for the fact that our Minister chose the critical moment when the Queen-Dowager was just on the very point of practically deposing the Emperor and putting herself in his place to go off for a holiday and sea-bathing? I am not for a moment blaming Sir Claude Macdonald, a capable and hard-working Minister, who is doing his utmost for British interests under very arduous and trying conditions, and who deserves very well of his country. But clearly, the organization and equipment of his office leave very much to be desired in the matter of intelligence. It was perfectly well known by thousands of Chinese, and probably by every foreign embassy in Peking except ours, that matters were then in a very critical state, that Kang-yu-Wei and his reform party were supported by the Emperor, but strongly opposed by the Queen-Dowager *plus* a very strong body of conservative Ministers, and that a storm was brewing. But our Embassy was slumbering in profound ignorance of all this, and so the critical moment was lost when our intervention might possibly have been very important.

If we consider the general question we shall find that we of all the Powers are, or ought to be if we went the right way to work, in the best possible position for acquiring good information relating to every part of China. There are hundreds of capable and well-informed English missionaries spread over every district therein. Most of

them would be only too glad to give valuable reports from time to time to the British Minister at Peking of the state of affairs in their district. Being in the closest touch with the natives and speaking Chinese, the information which they would supply would be invaluable. They say that their advice and opinion are never sought. There ought clearly to be a competent official attached to the Embassy whose province it should be to collect, collate and digest their reports and present the substance of them to the British Minister at regular intervals, for his information and for transmission to the Foreign Office. Then we should be in a far stronger position all round in dealing with Chinese affairs. At present the most wide-awake and well-informed man in Peking is outside the Embassy altogether. He is the Times Correspondent, and the editors of that journal are to be congratulated on his able conduct of his work.

VIII.

A few words only on the economical or commercial aspects of a hands-off policy will suffice. I have already, in my previous paper, called attention to the tremendous risk we are running in opening up a silver-using country where wages are at a very low minimum, labor superabundant, and raw materials plentiful and cheap, while ourselves adhering steadily to gold monometallism. It means the future destruction of British manufactures by putting a ruinous premium on Eastern production. I am not a bimetallist; on the contrary, my ideas and personal interests, in common with those of all recipients of fixed incomes, are strongly in favor of the gold standard. Of course, it is to our direct advantage to keep the purchasing power of the sovereign as high as we can, instead of depreciating it by linking it with cheap

silver. Nevertheless, we must all face the facts. And the facts are that, before we set ourselves to open up China in any real sense, which, unhappily for our future peace, we are now doing by the introduction of railways, we ought in reason, as an indispensable preliminary, to set ourselves first to abolish this ruinous premium in favor of Eastern production by remodelling our entire monetary system. So long, therefore, as the bankers and financial magnates in the City of London adhere steadily to gold monometallism, so long will Lord Salisbury be highly to be commended in adhering to the hands-off policy. By this we shall delay, though we cannot ultimately avert, the future economical revenge of China, whereby she will be likely to drive our manufactures out of the world's markets. The enormous present and coming output of gold from the mines may yet, however, save the situation, without any such remodelling of our financial system. It must tend to depreciate gold, and thereby to restore the balance in favor of silver.

IX.

Hitherto we have dealt with this whole question *ab extra*—from the foreigner's point of view. One word as to the Chinese position and the general commercial situation. I think that the only way in which the Government at Peking can save their empire from being broken up is to open up their whole coast-line, and probably their leading inland waters as well, freely to the world's trade. The mutual jealousies of grasping Powers will then save them. Any design of any one Power to secure for itself exclusive rights and privileges will be met by the determined opposition of all the rest, who will promptly appeal to the powerful "most favored nation" clause. By this

simple policy the Chinese may yet save their empire.

X.

Great and growing empires, such as ours, are like maelstroms. They tend irresistibly, and perhaps unconsciously, to suck into their ever-widening orbits all the smaller Powers, especially weak, backward and barbarous or semi-barbarous races. Lord Salisbury is apparently intending to do his best to prevent the vast empire of China from being sucked into our British orbit. I wish him all success, but am very doubtful about it. It seems more

The Contemporary Review.

probable that the march of events and the growing might of the great whirlpool, which is beyond the controlling power of any single statesman however eminent, will be too strong for him. Then we shall be driven to assert ourselves strongly in China, whether we like it or no.

In this situation it behooves us to consider well betimes all the conditions of the problem with which we shall have to deal, and to welcome light upon it from any and every quarter. This is my reason and justification for submitting to British readers this further contribution towards a consideration of the subject.

Senex.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

A REPLY.

The closing words of the article "A Woman's Criticism of the Congress," appearing in the last issue of this Review, are as follows: "To exaggerate the importance of woman's work in activities which are adequately accomplished by men, and to underrate all the simple homely duties which have been dignified and rendered lovely by myriads of noble and cultured women, and instinctively consecrated by the wisdom of generations, is wanting in breadth, insight and loftiness, and productive of unnecessary confusion and chaos."

In the warped view of the critic, the Women's Congress seems to have been reduced to the condition of a "senseless, chattering, talking head."

We are not surprised that the Congress was "productive of unnecessary confusion and chaos" in the mind of the critic, since from her initial statement that "the Congress is al-

ready arranging to hold another Congress at Berlin next year," it is evident that the writer is the victim of incorrect and insufficient information on her subject, and also without any grasp or comprehension of the purposes which lie back of such gatherings.

No Women's Congress exists or holds conventions. Therefore, in criticising "The Congress" one is attacking air, since once the session closes, the molecules of thought and opinion which formed for the time allotted that body known as "The Congress," separate and dissolve back into the world from which they came. Only the influence remains, and it would not seem that the influence of any congress could be duly measured and balanced within a month after its close, and ultimately summed up in an eleven-page article.

This Congress was invited or called together by the International Council of Women, which is an organized body,

and convenes in general session once in five years.

This International Council decided to hold its next session at Berlin five years hence. It is within the privilege of this International Council to invite in general speakers, and so form a congress of women at Berlin in five years; but it is not committed to do so. The object of this Congress was to gather from the varying opinions and differences of desire and effort throughout the world, a consensus of facts regarding women in organized work either for support, philanthropy or social uses. The *facts* existed before they were expressed in this Congress, but simply a more widespread knowledge of facts was opened up by this gathering.

The International Council, having thus felt the strong beating pulse of woman's inmost effort and desire will be guided or warned, as the case may be, in its ministrations and deliberations for the next five years.

The Congress, like all human affairs, was not perfect; but it was honest and earnest in intent, and some of its utterances were certainly wholesome. The very fact of its being an open Congress, where one could hear *all* views, bars it from the unjust slur of being a mutual admiration society—or that any or all its chance utterances were expected to be adopted as law and gospel by all women.

It is admitted that good, bad and indifferent matter was set forth from the platform, but the residue it is believed will be helpful and broadening.

We do not quite follow Miss Low in many of her criticisms, as for instance when she asserts that

The radical defect of the Conference will be discerned at a glance when it is understood that *theories* of a most startling nature, practically overthrowing present social conditions, were propounded from a purely *feminine* stand-

point, and subjected in many instances to no sort of criticism or correction, each woman speaking her own words, and giving her own suffrage to what seemed best in her own eyes, without any reference to what had gone before or was to come five minutes later.

Naturally the standpoint was expected to be feminine, and each used her own words; and few men or women are gifted with prevision enough to know just what theories some one may advance five minutes later, which might bias or controvert present conclusions at which they were arriving. But as the Congress was purely for talking and listening, and not for weighty decision or vote, I fail to see where either a feminine standpoint or lack of prevision was a vital question. The critic asks if "any one was able to discover the fundamental principles of the Congress," and explains "that by fundamental principles she does not mean the *feminist bias* exhibited by a large number of the speakers."

We met many who discovered at once the fundamental principles of sympathy outreach and information underlying and mellowing each department of the Congress. I know one woman from California who, having large interest in agriculture and horticulture, devoted her time to attending almost strictly to this department. She listened to the able papers, met some of the writers, and went with them personally, both during and at the close of the Convention, to witness that of which they spoke; and so enthused did she become by what she gleaned that she expressed her determination to go home to California and devote her large means to effect certain improved conditions in agriculture and forestry which had been opened up to her by the opportunity of the Congress. We know of women from India and Finland, who found the fundamental principle they needed, and went home

strengthened and enriched from the influence of the Congress.

We fear our critic tried to absorb too much of the feast of speakers, and naturally indigestion followed.

No one (with or without the feminine bias) could attend all the various sections of the Congress and escape "confusion of ideas."

In attending the sessions devoted to "Ethics of Wage Earning," Miss Low makes a statement which I challenge.

No congress of women, either this particular one or any other, ever "*degraded the sacred and dignified labor a woman pursues on her own hearth,*" and no gathering of women has ever set its seal of approval upon the theory that "*housework is detestable and degrading.*" On the contrary, the tone of every woman's assembly which has ever met, has rung out strong and clear to the world, that no honest work is degrading; and that the breach between mistress and maid should be bridged by mutual respect and consideration. In the special criticism on Journalism, one statement is made which I cannot pass by, namely, that "No paper in this Congress which does not assume or express woman's superiority to man is in order."

This statement is utterly wide of the truth and sentiment of the Congress.

Facetious remarks may have been made by individual speakers, and some may have made spiteful reference to man's power and dominion; but the abiding spirit of congresses of women is to thank God that men are as good as they are, considering how feebly women have assisted them towards that higher standard of things temporal.

While the general trend of the Congress seems to have eluded our critic, we still hope that the general effect of the Congress will neither be misleading nor mischievous, because it was not representative and impartial, for the rea-

son that "*the experiences of successful women alone* were heard from the platform, especially in Professions."

This last was perhaps unfortunate, but the Congress need not be blamed. We know of several who were asked to take part in the department of Professions, but were unable to respond for the very reason that their lack of success made it impossible to spare the money necessary to undertake attendance.

The Congress was, therefore, obliged to take those who could and would come.

The critic further hints as to some seeming conspiracy at the Congress to represent women's wage-earning work as wholly desirable and beneficial, since principally only successful wage-earners were heard from. The absurdity of this statement is obvious. Why should the successful journalist or actress lure others to blindly follow her steps, or why should the International Council of Women join them in a conspiracy to tempt women to set to work at wage-earning?

Summing up, it is the opinion of the critic

That the tendency of such Congresses is to foster an enmity between two sexes who are part of the human race, and who with peculiar qualities and characteristics fitting each for diverse service in the world, have hopes, feelings and aspirations which are common to both, making their interests and happiness interdependent on one another and identical with each other, and any attempt to achieve the welfare of one without regard to the race at large is mischievous, etc., etc.

Let me assure the critic that such Congresses have never yet fostered any enmity between the sexes. From all reliable statistics I gather that the sexes have hitherto survived such gatherings and settled back into their

usual attitude of trying to be agreeable to each other.

It is in recognition of the fact that the sexes *are* interdependent, and that the welfare of one cannot continue unless the other keep pace with it, that women are exerting themselves to try and do their part fairly in the uplift of the world.

In closing, I would say that the Congress of Women would have been grateful for Miss Low's voice and criticism, while it was in session. Discussion was open to any one who would within a reasonable time send her card

The Nineteenth Century.

to the presiding officer, requesting the favor of the floor, either to refute or sustain a speaker. It is to be regretted that one of such strong opinions (and from her own point of view one possessing riper, truer judgment and balance) failed to give utterance to such valuable remonstrances and opinions at the Congress, where *her* word would have had as good a chance to mould the opinion of her weaker sisters as any of the others she so regrettably mentions.

Fannie Humphreys Gaffney.

President National Council of Women of the United States.

THE COUNTRY PARSON OF 1799-1899.

The publication of a cheap edition of "Scenes from Clerical Life," bringing them within the reach of the humblest class of readers, suggests an interesting comparison between the clergy in the days of Old Leisure and the clergy of our own more bustling and self-conscious era,

When every hour
Must sweat its sixty minutes to the
death,

and when not only clergymen but almost everybody else must always be doing something. It is unnecessary to draw a distinction between these and other stories of the same date in which clergymen are introduced. "Adam Bede," for instance, is just as much a scene from Clerical Life, as "Janet's Repentance;" and whatever one's opinion of George Elliot as a literary artist may be, the characters and manners surviving into her own time, of which she was an eye-witness, are described in her pages with that peculiar power which impresses us at once with a con-

viction of the truth of what we read, as often on looking at a good portrait we feel sure it must be an excellent likeness though we have never seen the original.

In 1799 Mr. Gilfil was vicar of Sheperton and Knebley, Mr. Irwine was rector of Hayslope, and Mr. Cracken-thorpe, we may fairly assume, was rector of Ravelhoe; all three representing different varieties of the clerical character as it existed a hundred years ago, yet all three exhibiting a kind of family likeness which marks the period, the last days, that is to say, of the jolly old eighteenth century, before the demon of strife, both civil and religious, let loose again by the French Revolution, had done much either to disturb the repose or to shake the traditions of English middle-class society. Two of Miss Austen's novels contain clerical portraits of so nearly the same date that they may fairly be included in our gallery. "Pride and Prejudice" was written in 1796, "Northanger Abbey" in 1798, and in Mr. Elton and Mr. Til-

ney we have two other varieties of the country vicar, which must be glanced at in due course. The country clergyman of 1799 may be taken as a type of his class at any time during the last quarter of the eighteenth, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Individual specimens lingered on into our own age; but as the prevailing species they went out with George the Fourth and the ancient *régime*.

The most conspicuous point of difference between the average country clergyman, such as he was during the last decade of the last century, and such as he is in the last decade of the present one, is this, that at the former period he neither was, nor was expected to be, in any way different from the smaller class of country gentlemen among whom he lived and who were his principal associates. Their habits were his habits, their pursuits were his pursuits, their virtues were his virtues, and their faults were his faults. It entered into the head of nobody to complain of this. To hunt, shoot and fish, to give dinner-parties, go to balls, breed prize-cattle, and attend fairs, markets and the Bench of Magistrates was thought to be as natural in a clergyman as in anybody else. Here and there a rising Evangelical party might mutter a protest, but it did not penetrate to Shepperton or Hayslope, and would not have been minded if it had. The parson of the parish was so secure of his position, he looked down on Methodism and all that savored of it from so lofty an eminence, that it never occurred to him to treat any such criticisms seriously, even if he heard of them. They ran off him like water from a duck's back, or, to take a better comparison, they were to him what Burke's grasshoppers were to the stately oxen who browsed beneath the British oak. He was the head of the parish, a magistrate and a member of the class by whom the English coun-

ties were governed. It may be said, of course, that he continued to be all this for many years afterwards, and is so to some extent still. But there is this difference: he may have continued to be so down to our own time, but it has been more and more under protest. His life, when such as I have described, has been, ever since the great awakening of the modern period, passed more or less under the uneasy consciousness that it was disapproved of. The fox-hunting parson of sixty years ago did not sit in his saddle with the same perfect satisfaction which Mr. Gilfil would have felt, and which Adam and Eve enjoyed before the fall. In those days, when "not a breath disturbed the deep serene" as Pope has it, the country parson had no secret misgivings of any kind with regard to the life he was passing. He heard nothing, saw nothing, read nothing to make him ask himself whether he ought to be anything else than what he was. He did not go his own way in defiance of public opinion, as some of his successors have done; he had it on his own side, and had nothing to fear or to distrust.

What sort of a man, then, was he in his own parish, in the church, in the Sunday school, in the warfare with ignorance and vice, in the consolation of sickness and poverty? According to all tradition he was none the worse in these respects for being like the rest of the world in others. If he hunted, or if he shot, he could not go out every day in the week, and most of his time was spent at home. In the morning he might be seen on his glebe or in his garden, standing with his hands in the pockets of his knee-breeches looking at the meadow-grass and calculating his hay-crop, or noting the progress of his peas, potatoes and strawberries, or marking the trees about the parsonage which required lopping. These agreeable duties over, he would perhaps

take a peep at the pigstys; after which it would be time for his early dinner, with a moderate glass of port wine afterwards. Perhaps this would be followed by a short nap, refreshed with which, he assumed his low-crowned hat and stout walking-stick, and sallied forth on his village rounds. He chose the afternoon, because at that time the laborers' wives had cleaned up their rooms, swept the hearth, and would perhaps be at tea; and when his broad-skirted black coat, and black worsted stockings were seen at the little garden gate, a fresh cup and saucer would be brought out, and his reverence would partake of a dish with much enjoyment. He would talk to his hostess about her children, her bees and her flowers, about the pear-tree at the back of the cottage, and about the denizen of a snug little hovel at the corner of the garden whence came at intervals an impatient grunt, denoting that feeding-time was at hand. He would bespeak some honey and some fruit, and perhaps a spare-rib, to which joint he was known to be partial. His discourse did not as a rule take a religious turn; he thought his admonitions had more effect if they were few and far between, and came softened by the memory of his genial manners and pleasant social chat at other times. To the men in his parish, the laborers and the farmers, he could give sound practical advice on the subjects which concerned them, taking care every now and then to season it with some suggestion or allusion of a graver character which should recall to their minds that there was another world to be thought of as well as the present one. When his pastoral visits were finished he came home to his tea. After this meal he would play whist or chess till supper-time, when he retired to bed with a good digestion and a good conscience, perfectly satisfied that he had done his duty for the day.

It is unnecessary to say that such a man had a deeply-seated horror of fanaticism or over-strained enthusiasm of any kind, and that as a general rule he was far more acceptable to a rural parish than the more emotional and demonstrative Evangelical whose sphere of activity was in the town, and whose throne was the pulpit. His influence with his parishioners was unbounded. His power to compose quarrels and settle disputes saved many a breach of the peace, and many an appeal to the local attorney; in these cases his magisterial office came to the aid of his clerical office, and the two together were usually irresistible.

His sermons in church were of a purely practical character, "clauts o' cauld parritch" as Andrew Fairservice would have called them; without enough gospel in them to save a tomtit, as a learned bishop of our own days might have added. But they had their effect. His hearers were made to understand that the precepts to which they listened were supported by a divine authority behind them, perhaps all the more impressive for not being perpetually invoked. And the parson knew how to apply Whately's well-known argument. Sacred history rested on the same kind of evidence as profane history; if they believed the one, why not the other? Yet, how could they be thought to believe it if they persisted in ignoring its teaching. After this fashion would he reason of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come; and this was his manner of connecting faith and works.

To suppose that his religious influence was in the slightest degree diminished by his wearing top-boots when he rode into the neighboring town on market day or to take his seat on the Bench, would be to entirely misunderstand the temper of the bucolic population a century ago. It was the clergyman's duty to read the Church service

on Sunday, to see, as far as was in his power, that the people under his charge believed in Christianity and its Author, and endeavored in some imperfect manner to act up to its precepts. No doubt he was bound to practise what he preached; but it would have been impossible for them to understand that a run with the hounds in the morning, or a rubber of whist in the evening, were hindrances to a reasonably good and useful life.

The country vicar of 1799 was usually, in name at least, a High Churchman. He belonged to the party in the Church which had cheered Sacheverel to the echo, and which had long been loyal to the Stuarts. The parson who was fifty years of age at the close of the last century might, no doubt, have met with many clergymen of the old leaven in his boyhood: Dr. Routh, who died only in 1855, remembered them at the University of Oxford; but in the rural world, in the drowsy, wood-girt villages which sheltered the class of clergymen in question, Jacobitism, if ever thought of at all, was regarded almost as a myth. For all practical purposes it was extinct and forgotten; but the clergy who bore the name of High Church, or High and Dry, had preserved one characteristic of the party from whom they were descended, and that was a deep-rooted antipathy to both Romanism and Calvinism. The first was dormant at the period I write of, the Gordon Riots notwithstanding. But the second had been roused by the proceedings of the ultra Methodists; and though many such parsons as I have just described did not trouble themselves about it, either secure in the impregnable fortress which they believed themselves to occupy, or sympathizing to a considerable extent with a religious earnestness to which they did not wish to close their eyes, others were not equally tolerant; and there is this to be said for them, that in the

rural districts popular feeling was emphatically on their side. Thus the easy-going rector of 1799, if he did not fear dissent, was very often annoyed and irritated by it. It has been said of somebody that he regarded Dissenters very much as a hunting-man regards the foot-people; they get in the way, head the fox, and are altogether a nuisance. But it never entered into the heads of the clergy of those halcyon days to regard Dissenters as rivals, as a body who would some day call themselves a Church, or, if not that, call the Church of England a sect. Could our pleasant old gentleman who took life so easily among his roses and beehives, his pigs and his poultry, have foreseen such an audacity as this, perhaps even his serenity would have been ruffled; but another generation had to pass before even the beginnings of such a change became visible.

The Churchman then of that date was a High Churchman because he believed in the exclusive authority of the Church of England, in the divine origin of episcopacy, and in the validity of episcopal orders only; but he went no further. Logic, no doubt, would have required him to think out what this theory really meant, and to endeavor to reduce it to practice. This did not occur to him; but the men of that school who lived to hear the teaching of Keble and Newman at once recognized its consistency with the abstract beliefs in which they had been educated. A hundred years ago, however, all this was undreamed of. Our country vicar was a High Churchman, simply because he was not a Low Churchman; and that was all.

But in 1799 he was on the brink of a controversy which was to bring all the Protestantism in his nature to the tips of his fingers, and to banish from his lot forever the careless repose and absolute security of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth rose upon the

Roman Catholic question; and from that time forward he became more or less the victim to religious agitation. Scarcely had the Roman question been settled than the Tractarian question arose. But I am anticipating, and must return to the days before the flood. It is necessary, however, to observe that concurrently with the Romish question came the rise and progress of the Evangelical school, and perhaps in the difference between Miss Austen's clergymen of 1798 and of 1815 may be traced the influence of this religious movement. Edmund Bertram in "Mansfield Park" is such a totally different person from Mr. Tilney in "Northanger Abbey" that one cannot help suspecting that the Evangelical revival had a hand in her picture of the former character. Also it may be noted that in "Emma" (1815) the dancing, dining-out parson (what female novelists would now call the Society clergyman) is made thoroughly ridiculous. Whether the difference is accidental or not I cannot say; and it may be thought that, if it was intentional, Jane Austen would have altered the character of Mr. Tilney before it was introduced to the world, which was not till after her death in 1817, though it was drawn nineteen years before. She may have intended to do so; or, as is more probable, may not have thought the point of sufficient importance to call for any revision of the story. The strong contrast, however, between Bertram and Elton, if we leave Tilney out of the question, is very noticeable.

That the country clergyman a hundred years ago exercised a good moral influence on his parish, there can be no manner of doubt. I am speaking only of the average clergyman of the period. Of course there were black sheep among them, as there always have been and always must be; "the Doctor of tremendous paunch," who could see

everybody under the table, was not extinct in those days, but he belonged to a small minority. The average man was such as I have described; and the influence of his character and his position had more perhaps to do with the morals of his flock than the influence of his teaching. When the drunkard or profligate mended his ways, it was probably rather because he dreaded the displeasure of the parson more than the displeasure of his Maker; but still in the eyes of the peasantry of that date the parson was in a vague sort of way the representation and embodiment of all that they knew of religion, and neither farmer nor laborer could come under his severe censure without being greatly troubled by it.

By the bedside of the sick or dying his ministrations were as far as possible removed from the emotional exhortations which we have learned to think characteristic of a different school. He did not, as a rule, correspond to Goldsmith's pastor,

At whose control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul,

for his people had not been brought up in a manner to make them familiar with despair and anguish even on their death-beds. Mrs. Patten, in "Amos Barton," thought it very bad taste in the clergyman to tell her of her sins; "I've niver been a sinner," she said. Even Mr. Gilfil, I think, when it came to the point, would have tried to set her right on this score, but his consolations would have been more like those described by the dying girl in Tennyson's "May-Queen." Our parson would not say much about the Church or the duty of Confession, as at present understood, still less about Election or Conversion. He was content with the homely assurance that if the sick person were really sorry for what he or she had done amiss, they might hope for mercy and depart in peace.

This sketch of the clergyman of 1799 is generalized from many particulars. Such a man, I believe, was the average country vicar of that day; but there were many varieties. There was the scholarly clergyman who kept up his classics; there was the squire-parson (Squarson) a powerful man in politics, who was invited to the Castle, and was very active at elections; there was the Honorable and Reverend, whose daughters visited in London, and were among the leaders of county society. But one and all were more secular than clerical in their habits, ways of thought, and style of conversation. It will be seen that in my sketch I have said nothing of the country parson's studies. Our vicar of a hundred years ago was, I suspect, no great student, and what he did read was not theology; yet here again there were, of course, exceptions. Such men as Jones of Nayland still kept alive the old Caroline idea of the Church of England, and while the country vicar was slumbering at his ease an active Evangelical party was rapidly gaining ascendancy in the towns. But with these developments we are not now concerned. I have been taking the country parson as he stood in his shoes in 1799, before either Methodism or Evangelicalism, or the threat of Roman Catholic Emancipation had become prominent enough or powerful enough to effect his position, or shake his faith in the stability of the national Church with all her exclusive rights and privileges such as she was down to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act in 1828. Entrenched behind these, in a fortress built upon a rock, he looked down upon the gathering hostility outside with calm indifference, till at length it became too formidable to be overlooked. With the legislation of 1828, 1829 and 1830 the old order perished both in Church and State, and with it the country parson, who formed part of it. Specimens sur-

vived under favorable conditions for a long time; but that was the end of them as a class.

If we turn to the average country clergyman of 1899, we shall find that what at once marks him off from his predecessor in the eighteenth century is that he is, and is expected to be, something different from the rest of the world in habits, manner and even in dress. As he has become less secular he has become more professional. To that change a variety of causes have contributed. For some years after the Reform Bill the Church of England was believed to be in great danger; and the "Tracts for the Times," whatever we may think of the Oxford movement in general, taught the rising generation of clergy that, if they could avert the storm, they would no longer take life in the same easy-going fashion as Mr. Irwine, Mr. Tilney and Mr. Gilfil. Even clergymen who had grown gray in the hunting-field were heard to say that if they had to begin life again they would not be seen at the covert-side. The Evangelical Movement had by that time nearly spent its force; and more than that it did not show to the people that side of the Church of England which it was necessary to turn to them, if they were to recognize the only ground on which she could be logically defended. The spiritual life of the Church had now to be renewed from a different fountain; and the country clergyman who, as a rule, had never been in sympathy with the Low Church party, however much he might respect their motives, now felt it necessary to emulate their earnestness, and to show himself more alive to the religious and pastoral duties imposed on him at ordination. Schools were more diligently visited; morning-prayer began to be said in the village churches; the Communion was more frequently celebrated; and the black gowns began to disappear from the pulpit. The

clergymen who carried out these changes almost necessarily underwent a corresponding change themselves. They became conscious of greater responsibilities, leading naturally to a more serious deportment; while the new work which they had undertaken left them comparatively little time for either moral or secular pursuits. The transformation was very gradual: many clergymen, indeed, believed that they could perform the duties which they desired to discharge faithfully without relinquishing their old amusements; but as a general rule this was impossible, and a generation of clergymen grew up, among whom this combination was a rare exception.

Another cause of the great contrast to which I would call attention is of course closely connected with this. In the old days the life of a country clergyman in a pleasant rural district was rather coveted. Many men of good position, accustomed to the life of the hall and the manor-house, found no difficulty in transferring it to the rectory or the vicarage. They did not neglect their duties so far as they understood them; but they suffered them to sit lightly on their shoulders, and not to interfere with the kind of life which they had promised themselves on entering the Church; they could be clergymen and country-gentlemen at one and the same time. Now, so long as the country clergy continued to be recruited principally from this class in society, they enjoyed a social status wholly irrespective of their clerical character. They mixed on equal terms with the squirearchy round about them, and having usually some little private fortune of their own could indulge in all the rural amusements to which they were inclined. But as the position and the work and the public estimate of a clergyman changed, this class of men were no longer eager to take orders. They knew that they could, if they

liked, take a good rectory and live as the rector of old had lived fifty years before without any offence against the law; but they knew also that they would be living under the constant disapproval of public opinion, and few of the better sort cared to do that. Gradually, therefore, these men disappeared from the parsonage, and the pulpit and the village-school, from the stubble and the turnips, and were succeeded by a different class to whom their clerical position was all in all, their cloth their sole distinction.

It will, I trust, be understood that I am writing generally, and am not unmindful of the large margin which must be left for exceptions in this bird's eye view. But I contend that it is true in the main; and thus it will be seen that the improvement in the character of the English clergy during the last half century, like most other human improvements, has not been without its alloy. To my mind there can be no doubt, whatever, that the change which has taken place in the social position of the clergy is answerable in some measure for the spread of Ritualism and Sacerdotalism, by which it is endeavored to regain in one way what has been lost in another. Sacerdotal influence is to compensate for the loss of social influence. The man who enters county society from the outside, not belonging either directly or indirectly to the classes which constitute it, is obliged to find some mode of redressing the balance. Many of the Evangelical clergy for a time were in a like predicament, and now such of the High Church Clergy as come from a similar social stratum seek to grasp as priestly superiors the position which they no longer command as social equals.

So they put off the collars from their coats, choke themselves in stiff white stocks, eschew evening-dress, and do all they can to make themselves, ex-

ternally at least, as little like laymen as possible. We must pay the price, if we choose to call it so, of increased clerical earnestness, energy and zeal. The village-priest, as he loves to call himself, is a much more active and ascetic leader of religious life in his parish than the rector of a hundred years ago. But with the loss of his secularism, has come also, it is to be feared, some loss of his Protestantism. The man who wore top-boots at least wore a black gown; if he loved port, he at least hated the Pope; if too indulgent to the sins of his parishioners, he at all events eschewed the confessional. In all human affairs the tares are mixed with the wheat. Those scrupulous religionists who inveigh against what they call the sloth, the self-indulgence, the Erastianism of the clergy of the eighteenth century, should sometimes ask themselves if they have not got King Stork for King Log.

We must remember, too, that the position of the country clergyman, while losing much of its security, has also lost much of its dignity. The Parish Councils Bill has robbed the parson of his legal status as head of the parish, a change which has still further lowered his social rank and made him fear perhaps that the final blow of all cannot much longer be delayed. What wonder, then, if he falls back upon his position as a priest, which is immutable and unalterable, at least by any human agency? In that he has a sure footing, while the Establishment is quivering all round him. Nothing can deprive him of the prerogatives and powers which he claims in virtue of his orders, and in a disestablished Church he would probably be able to assert them more successfully than he does now.

The gulf which separates the clergyman of 1899 from him of 1799 to those who stand on this side of it, seems, as it really is, a very wide one. Yet we have crossed it so gradually that it is

not till we look back that we are fully conscious of its breadth. The country clergyman's life now, whether he is a Ritualist or not, is full of cares and anxieties unknown to those who flourished in the days of old. His schools and his services, the aggrieved parishioner and the aggressive Dissenter, are ever on his mind, and gnaw at his very vitals. He runs up and down his parish, from cottage to cottage, in a perpetual endeavor to counteract the machinations of his enemies. The calm repose, the ancient peace, indolence, if it must be so, which brooded over the English parsonage a hundred years ago is gone, never to return, in its old shape, at all events. In its place we have a hard-working clergy, who devote their lives and their substance to their sacred duties with exemplary diligence and self-denial, laboring to maintain the discipline and equipment of the Church at the highest possible level. But the more they cease to resemble laymen, the more prominent becomes the professional element in their calling, and the greater their tendency to develop into a clerical caste, with interests wholly distinct from those of other classes in society. This growing isolation cannot be regarded with satisfaction. Of course it has not yet spread through the whole body of the clergy; but it is decidedly on the increase, and should the Church ever be disestablished it will become more powerful than ever. I can only repeat what I have already said, that great is the price we have to pay for what is termed the higher spiritual life of the Church of England at the present day; and I can only conclude with the words which apply to most of the stages of human progress:—

I fear to slide from bad to worse;
And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new.

T. E. Kebbel.

THE CHINA BOWL.

I.

MOTHER AND SON.

Rachel Parris was an old woman now, close upon eighty years; and David, the son of her maturity, who came, when all the rest had gone, to reawaken the warmth of motherhood in her chilled breast, was going to take unto himself another woman, and become but half her child.

Of all her children, he, the last, had been the comeliest and the most dear.

Three had died in infancy, bearing the freshness of their mother's youth into the land of mist, and two were taken by the sea.

One—the only girl who lived to maidenhood—was lost in other waters, wrecked on the darker waves of a dread city, which never washed, as kindlier seas might do, her poor tossed body into the arms of watchers by the shore.

Long they watched for Jenefer—at first, when David was a quiet boy just stepping into manhood, and Rachel, still a strong but ageing woman, worn with many vigils, and too much looking on the face of death—sitting together in the white-roofed cottage with its four wide windows looking out to sea, and listening for unreturning feet, and to the heavy moaning of the surf without.

"You'm not the lad to judge her, Davy?" she used to ask, when the presentiment of the girl's return pressed close upon her. And David—never a man of words—would answer briefly, "Nay."

A long watching and a long waiting, for Jenefer met judgment at another bar.

For nearly forty years his mother had cleaved to David as rocks cleave

to the sea, praying he might not be required of her, painfully apprehensive of the glances cast upon him by brighter, if less deeply jealous, eyes.

And scarcely straying since he left her breast, David had clung to her.

In his earlier manhood, once or twice, he had turned aside—almost perforce—to note the welcome playing around younger lips for him; but his heart, then only touched, returned to chase her terrors, and win again to tenderness that pitifully anxious gaze.

"Davy'll be lookin' for a maid," the women at their doors would call to her when he was but a boy.

"Tes time," she would reply serenely—a younger woman then—and go back into the cottage, there to smooth out his rough shirts with a steady hand, and making believe she bent to it, would murmur:

"Tes the Lord's plan that every woman's son will come to be another woman's care."

Such nights she never tasted sleep, but lay stifflly quiet upon her bed, pressing her palms together—half in agony and half in prayer.

Rising early, with the heavy stifling hours still hanging round her in the keen morning air, she would adventure bravely:

"Tes a clibby mornin', but you'm lookin' brave and handsome, Davy; the maids'll soon be chasin' 'ee."

To which he would reply slowly, and with a comprehending smile:

"May so well go home, mother; I'm not for they."

"Reckon they'll have 'ee though; tes the maids' way."

"Gie en leave to try," was his conclusive consolation; and then, noting the still stern closure of her lips, would smile again with jesting reassurance.

"You'm not lookin' for another man?"

"Nay, I can make a shift to do wi' 'ee."

"You may."

And so, for a time, the darkness lifted, and the shadow of separation gilded by.

The years went on, and David weathered several storms of unengulphing love.

He was a tall, fair, placid fisherman, gentle and generous of nature, rarely stirred to spontaneous speech or speculative thought.

The friend and playfellow of children, for whom he had a clumsy tenderness, himself a child, as they with subtle intuition knew.

The vigor and the freshness of the sea were his. His eyes reflected its most luminous and peaceful blue; their steady—almost dreamy—gaze seemed fixed upon some certain tide, the ceaseless ebb and flow of things mysterious yet sure—a look which well befitted one of Nature's children whose lot it was to hear her greatest voice, and watch the grandest motion of her breast. His massive limbs washed—like the rocks—by many-tempered waves, seemed, like them, hewn in some fashion by the mighty waters to welcome and rebut their force.

For generations the Parrises had been fishermen, living within the shelter of the vast cliffs that overhung the haven, upon the base of which the huge Atlantic waves beat with a wild futility, rearing from their white crests, when the wind rose, drab clots of whirling foam. For fisher-people they were well-to-do; the old woman "a little nearie," it was whispered in Tregarveth, where to be "nearie" with a little was but natural, and with more but seemly, yet noticeable all the same.

A bad season sifted David from his fellows as one on whom bad seasons but lightly fell. There was enough and to spare for that unencumbered house-

holder and his ageing mother, and still to spare. Something, too, always to spare from David's pockets or David's board for the broad-faced solemn-eyed children who hung about his door.

Rachel suffered then in silence, hiding within her heart the bitterness they nurtured—a haunting fear lest he might learn, even thus late, from their companionship, to hunger for playmates of his own.

"Reckon you'm weary o' the children," he had said more than once, spelling out roughly from her face the pages of her soul.

"Maybe," she would admit sometimes. "They'm teasy for an old woman that's a' done with children, but if you've tuk a consait for en I wud'n chase en away."

"Tes pretty work to watch en," he said simply. "Tho' simmee tes may-games to 'ee."

"It lights they eyes o' your'n, so let en bide; but mine be dim."

Yet there were times when kindlier, more natural emotions stirred her breast—times when she brought herself to picture children with his voice and smile waking old echoes in the childless house. Till, like a sudden cloud, the vague form of the woman who must bear them came athwart it, blurring the vision—clogging, as of old, the fresh springs of her heart.

The image of hands that would be "fain to do for Davy," of a face that must thrust itself between her own and his—setting her definitely in the background of his life—was one she could not school herself to view.

The last of all her children, and the best—so ran the old refrain—surely the Lord would spare him for the few years left to her.

If Jenefer had wandered home, or one of the lads so swiftly taken been delivered from the grudging deep, the jealous prayer might never have as-

cended up to God. At first a fitful hope, it grew to be the burden of her thought, hushing itself at length into the murmur of a dying fear.

Suddenly, sharply, it sprang forth again to the old tune of terror—now not vague, but piteous in its weakness, as only the cry of age can be. It died away. In the long roll of barren prayers it took its place, and found its record in the register of death.

David—the time had come at last—was going to take unto himself another woman, and while he waited, troubled, despondent, for his marriage-bells, lest they might never ring, his mother heard them clanging high above all voices, clashing discordant music above the ceaseless sighing of the sea.

For him there had been no choice from the beginning. The first glint from Susannah's daring, half-savage eyes had vanquished him. She came upon him like a storm. Stunned for the moment he retreated, but the moment passed, and he was at her feet.

As yet the word had not been spoken, but he knew, and Susannah knew, and Rachel knew, that it must be.

Mother and son sat facing each other in the low-raftered room, where prints of stiff, unlife-like ships, breasting unnatural billows, were dotted about the walls. Jenefer's childish sampler, framed, hung by the fire. The careful, brilliant stitches, fitfully lit, set forth between the little stunted trees and comic birds—"Jenefer Parris—aged 13." An assortment of figures up to ten, and then a row of solemn flowers headed the closing legend, chosen by whom? Not surely by the child? One cannot say. "All things that are of the earth shall turn to the earth again, and that which is of the waters doth return unto the sea. But Thy Providence, O Father, governeth it, for Thou hast made a way in the sea, and a safe path in the waves." Two Noah's Ark figures flanked it on either side, and the date—

March 16th, 1844, in gold, the only faded color—was traced below. On a shelf beside it rested the huge Bible, wherein the names of Rachel's dead husband and the children who had followed him were written in her labored hand. And last came David's name, added in darker ink, such as had chronicled his father's end in the same month and year. Upon the unwieldy book rested the china bowl, brought from the East in their first year of marriage, and used to christen their first child.

This side the hearth was her accustomed seat, and she sat upright in the broad arm-chair—a frail, stiff figure, the bands of thin grey hair strained tightly across her lined but curiously clear brow. Pale, searching eyes peered from its shadow, set in deep hollows, still hoarding sparks of their first fire.

David sat opposite, his great frame stooping forward, his hands travelling slowly up and down each knee. The firelight cast his unrestful shadow upon the floor, the window, showing still a square of vanishing twilight, framed the vague outline of his bent head and shoulders in the darkening room.

Rachel, between the flashing needles in her fingers, saw the dark silhouette and caught the moving shadow his restless motions cast upon the floor. She waited for him to break the heavy silence, although aware that he would sit on thus indefinitely, seeking vainly the words which would not overtake his slowly-travelling thought.

But wearied out at length, she spoke: "Be any boats gone out to-night?"

"'Bout half a score."

"You'm lazy, lad."

"I be long to be. I bain't thinkin' o' fish to-night."

"The woman, I suppose?"

"Sure 'nuff." He stirred uneasily and shifted back the chair.

"Maids be so slippery as fish—so they

do say—and yet the men be shocked by en."

"Clain off," he admitted, staring intently at the fire.

"When be going to ask Susannah?"

"May so well to-night."

"Thee'rt finely hurried; have 'ee tuk time to look roun' the maid thee'rt so mazed to wed?"

"Her'll take some lookin' roun'," he said, "but that'll bide. Tes like this heer," he went on ponderously; "a man may look at en a score o' times and they be norry times the same. Now tes ice and nex' tes fire, and then tes up and off like a gale to sea. I mind the time when et dedn't sim fitty work to chatty to things like they. A tried to get me, but I wud'n"—he paused—"Susannah Besset have a' got me, and that es all about et now."

"Dost think 'ee have got she?" his mother questioned.

"I be main loth to doubt et."

"Should 'ee be scat ef her said 'No?'"

"'Most like a boat w'l' a split keel, tossin' out yonder i' the dark; 'twould be the end o' daylight, simmin' to me."

Rachel let fall the needles and pressed her palms together upon her knee. She watched his face with pitiful intentness, now lit oy the flame in sudden flashes, now ploughed into deeper furrows by the flickering glare. It was—as she beheld it—changed, clouded, yet glowing with an inward light; terribly strange, yet terribly familiar; near, but very far away. His latest words, the end of daylight, found their echo in her troubled soul.

"Tes bad work when et do come to that," she said, beginning to rescue the dropped stitches.

"Tes bad work, sure, when a man be past en's prime and the maid i' flower and a pair o' prinked up lads clamorin' to en, 'Will 'ee ha' me?' and me w'l' all my mouth-speech gone."

"Thee never had too much to lose."

"I never wanted et afore."

"You'm terribly set 'pon Susannah."

"A man 'most es terrible set 'pon hes life when be es nigh to lose et."

"You'm roadling, man; her'll have 'ee at first say."

"Dost think et?"

Rachel answered him with the grim certainty of despair:

"I be sure. What o'clock es et?"

He turned to the brass dial by the door; her failing eyes were hardly keen enough to read it.

"Half arter seven."

"Eden't et no mor'n that?" she questioned wearily. The hour had gone slowly. Then with a tremulous, impatient gesture, "Rig thyself out," she said, "and master thicky business afore croust. Thee'll be as good as wed by then, I promise 'ee. Look slippy, bring en home ef thee'st a mind, and don't 'ee sit glazing their like a mazed boy."

The speech escaped her dry lips quickly, it rang curiously hard and clear, but David did not notice the new accent. There was no room for it in his absorbed and troubled thought. Two presentations were beyond his range of vision. To see things clearly he must see them singly, and for the present Susannah blotted out the woman at his side. For Rachel had risen and stood behind him, to shut the working of her face from view. She rested a shrunken hand upon his shoulder, but withdrew it quickly, remembering what its unsteadiness might betray.

"Begone and wish 'ee well," she ended.

He got up, following almost mechanically the childish habit of obedience, and strode towards the door.

"You'm never goin' i' thicky coat," she called out after him. He stopped on the threshold, filling the narrow doorway and blocking out the slit of sky.

"Iss as I be."

"The maids'll sneat and chitter to

be'old 'ee courtin' sich a fashion. Do 'ee come back and trim thyself a bit."

The hardly conscious ruse to keep him there, to hold her own for a few minutes longer, failed.

"Let a' be, mother," he cried almost harshly. "Ef I be goin' I must go."

It sounded the first note of conflict, and she shrank from it, as from a looming blow, back into the empty room. Its loneliness appalled her; that space soon to be filled with the dreaded presence, that silence soon to be broken by the more dreaded voice, smote her with boding like a knife drawing its gnawing edge across her soul.

She looked towards the window. There the night had not quite left the fading pane. It loitered with the embers of the fire. Between was darkness. She made a movement to kindle the accustomed light, and then remembering, stopped—

For whom?

To lighten—what?

She dropped the match, and before it had flickered out, with no definite purpose, stumbled to the door.

"Davy," she called. He did not hear. He had gone but a few steps down the steep unwinding road; his figure cut the faint line of sea below it, and stood out darkly against the patch of sky. "Davy," she cried again.

And a little shrill voice out of the twilight street took up the cry.

He did not hear.

His pace quickened; faster and faster he seemed to swing down the straight road between the dim white houses, growing a dwindling speck, and then a blur, like some receding memory to the watcher at her door.

II.

THE OTHER WOMAN.

Susannah stood by the window where the sunlight, a strong glare outside, managed to struggle in. It touched to

softer gold the heavy masses of red hair which seemed almost to overweight her startling face; her white skin, with the faint flush upon it, clothed too tenderly the powerful features, glimmering palely round the widely open eyes, dark with dull fire. Her full, decisive lips were closed; they cut across the white superbly, with a line of crimson deeper than that which splashes most fair faces, giving to this one such a vividness as few fair faces wear. She stood where the light centred, drawn to her great height, a figure of striking symmetry and vigor, seeming to absorb all the vitality and color, and to dwarf the small dimensions of the room. A singular contrast to the man who had chosen her, at first stormed by her beauty and then bewildered by her love; a love primitive, startling and half-savage like herself, which fascinated while it puzzled him, and sometimes hurt him while it clung.

At arm's length she held a picture, in a highly ornamented gilt frame, on which she looked with evident approval, shifting its position now and then for a more favorable view.

An upright mirror on the mantelpiece, with its oval medallion of the inevitable full-rigged ship, set in the centre of a speckled silver frieze, threw back her image; so that the chamber held, at the moment, three presentments of the woman whose forcible presence filled it. The picture in her hand was a fantastic rendering of the flesh—a rough but subtle analysis of the soul; the image in the glass—a blameless likeness—robbed the living figure of some brilliancy and gave the grand lines hints of a softness they did not possess.

And Susannah herself, the actual creature, the breathing, brilliant thing of life, who might never behold the beauty she so prized except through some imperfect, material or human medium—stood dividing glances be-

tween glass and canvas with a contented smile.

A shadow crossed the doorway and David lumbered in. He looked older, more careworn, but his eyes enshrined a happier light.

"What do 'ee think of et?" she asked, handing him the object of her lengthy contemplation.

"Tes what they do call 'a study,' Miss Maxwell done it for a pictur' her calls 'Judith,' tho' her do' say there never were yet a Judith painted wi' thicky sken an' hair."

"Tes 'ee an' tesn't 'ee," he said, taking it from her to regard it carefully. "The face es your'n, but the look behind it be mighty strange. I s'pose 'twouldn't be properly a pictur' ef 'twas too similar to life."

"Simmin' to me, tes similar to life," she said, "an' I be goin' to fix et heer."

She crossed the room and took down hastily the sampler from its nail, disclosing a lighter patch of paper on the wall where it had hung so long. She saw a look of dissatisfaction cross David's face.

"Gle et to me," she proceeded with a determination born of doubt.

"May so well find another place," observed her husband mildly.

"I'm thinkin' to put et heer," she answered. "Tes the place I've settled for et. Miss Maxwell did say as 'twere the only light to show en 'oop, and heer I main for et to go."

"I'm not wishful to cross 'ee, Susanah," he continued, "but thicky piece o' work's been theer a matter o' nigh 'pon fifty year, an' us'd miss et ef 'twas shifted; et must bide." He spoke with unwonted readiness and new authority, and his wife met the unusual accent with surprise and obvious resentment and quick response.

"Tes a pretty thing to be so set on," she broke out, her eyes flashing, her breast beginning to heave with ominous unrest. "Shu'd ha thought 'ee wanted

nothin' to mind 'ee of her that done et. Tell 'ee straight, I never cu'd 'bide ef 'bout the place. Be so set 'pon callin' every one to mind thy sister an' en' shame?"

"Was but a child when 'twere adone," he answered gently, "an' ef God do please, her's but a child agen. So us do think of en."

"Thee was brought up a good Methody, Davy," she reminded him with a touch of scorn. "Ded a teach 'ee to make so llight o' sin?"

"A teachd me to make somethin' o' forgiveness," he replied still gently.

"Mayst leave that to th' Almighty," she said rebelliously.

"Not ef th' Almighty have left et to me."

She was not occupied with the theological consideration, but with the more practical dispute in hand.

"Gle et to me," she demanded, reaching forward for the precious portrait.

"You'm not to bang et theer."

David confronted her, real protest in his attitude, real displeasure in his eye.

"An' why?"

"Because mother'll look to see et where t' have always been."

She turned upon him suddenly, her eyes ablaze, her face aflame to the white brow. Taller than he by less than an inch, she yet seemed to tower above him, challenging him with her great beauty, with her tried supremacy, and fine defiance to an unequal fight.

"Be this my house or her'n?"

It was not the first time the question had presented itself; but it was the first time she had given it utterance, and David winced before it; sooner or later he had vaguely felt that it must come.

He passed a hand clumsily across his eyes, as if to shut out the distracting vision, and prepare himself for an unblasted answer.

"Et be mine," he said at last, firmly, but flinching before her storm-lit gaze. "An' I be master in et."

"Who be mistress?" she pursued, raising her voice to a high pitch of penetration as she became aware of a halting step upon the stair.

He put out a hand to check her; but it was too late. The door swung back and Rachel entered.

The situation was immediately clear to her. The empty space upon the wall, Susannah's angry voice and David's gesture of expostulation plainly told the tale. She made as if to speak, but finally kept silence, and going towards the chair where Susannah had placed the sampler, took it in her hand. As she did so she looked neither at David nor Susannah, but fixed her aged eyes upon the childish stitches, and moved towards the door.

"Mother," her son began, but an imperative glance from Susannah stopped him.

"You can bring et back," she interposed. If a concession must be made, it should be she, not he, that made it.

"I wu'd sooner take it away," Rachel replied in tones slightly tremulous, but determinate. And closing the door behind her she carried it without further comment, to the room above. She had but a room now in David's house, and but a room, though that a warm one, in David's heart.

Susannah turned to her husband with a glance prepared for final conquest, but he did not meet the wonderful eyes.

He was not to be won, she saw, by argument or anger. There remains to women always another way. She took it, putting a touch upon his arm.

"Why ded 'ee wed me, David, ef 'ee meant to make me only half a wife? There was lads, an' many, that would ha' had me, an' turned their kin to doors for me."

"I do know et," he said, probed by the touch—the softened accents, and looking reluctantly into the dangerous face, more fateful in its tenderness than in its wrath.

The close, warm presence, the tightening fingers, the breath upon his cheek, the lips so near his own, were weakening him. He felt resistance ebbing and drew back; but she accepted no repulse, feeling her power.

"Will 'ee gie me the place that's mine?" she pleaded, "or will 'ee set another woman in it?"

"I never done that," he said distressedly, wandering in a maze of tangled thought.

"Think o' this hour ago," she urged; "an' which ded 'ee put first?"

He was too slow of mind, too poor of words, to parry this treacherous thrust. He vaguely felt the sophistry of the question, but was powerless to expose it.

"What do 'ee want? To fix the picture?" he asked bewilderedly, groping, seeing no further.

"Ef I've a mind to, an' to do whatever else I ha' a mind to in the home you've brought me to."

It was a lover's plea and uttered in a lover's fashion, urged ultimately with a kiss.

"Do what 'ee please," he said at length; "but don't 'ee please, ef thee can help et, to hurt mother as thee've hurted en to-day." He detached himself from the clinging arms, and ventured smiling, "Tes late for we to be sweetheartin' thicky way, mor'n four months wed."

She drew him back again.

"Ef I can put oop wi' et—" She paused and smiled, and smiling, thrust him off, and pushed him toward the inner door.

"Go and cleanse thyself; tes brave an' late, I be goin' to set the cloam."

The clatter of the crockery was audible in the room above, where Rachel

sat, her hands crossed idly upon her knee. The preparation of David's meals, the knitting of David's socks, were lawful duties which his bride had been swift enough to claim. And Rachel saw her old place—certainly in his daily life, possibly in the recesses of his heart—filled by another woman. She had yielded up each little office in unprotesting silence, and with wan smiles which cost her dear. She sat now often in the little bed-chamber, which had become a refuge, with no companionship but languid memory, no occupation but present pain. The hum of voices reached her there—Susannah's always dominant and sometimes shrill. It inspired her, like Susannah's presence, with a kind of fear. A woman of gentler spirit, of softer aspect, might have won her love, but love, save in the common guise of passion, was alien to Susannah's heart. Farther and farther out of sight, to Rachel sank the buried years; only the tired weight of present hours hung round her in a gathering twilight of dying vision and dying sound.

"Mother," called David's voice from the room below, and as he spoke, Susannah's broke in with some loud question.

Rachel went down, feeling her way by the rail and wall of the steep short stair.

The meal passed quietly, and when it was over David went out to fetch the big fishing boots and the reels, which hung outside the door. Susannah followed him, and they stood talking till he started for the bay.

When he was gone she stepped back into the room, a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth.

"To look at Davy," she said, beginning to clear the table noisily, "you'd think he was different fro' other men. But at the root they be all the same."

"I always thought en different," his

mother said from her seat beside the fire, where now, in place of the little square of canvas, the new portrait of Susannah stared down at her, a face of unlikelike flesh with strange relentless eyes; adding, "why did 'ee choose en when 'ee might have had a younger lad, ef all do seem the same to 'ee?"

"I s'pose in a score o' pilchers some be bigger and better than the rest."

"Sure 'nuff he es a better man, he were a better lad. None o' the other lads was like en."

The memory of him as a child was sweet; she liked to linger over it, and would have lingered now, but Susannah cut her short.

"He might so well be a saint in a painted windey to hear 'ee talk," she interrupted sharply; "but he be jest a man, an' men at th' root, as I telled 'ee afore, be much 'bout the same."

Rachel said nothing more; the last word must, of necessity, be Susannah's, and she had got into a habit now of dreading that last word. Things were not going well between the two; Rachel was conscious of the younger woman's enmity, and Susannah resented Rachel's presence, which seemed to wrest a rightful supremacy from her in her new kingdom. And more even than her actual presence, she resented the subtler presence of Rachel's passion for her son; that grand, immutable love of motherhood, which has no transitions and no transparencies; whose first aspect is as its last; which begins with birth and does not end with death. Vaguely she felt its greater depth, its wider range; she knew no pity for it, made no way. It robbed her of complete possession of David's life. Strong in the vigor of her youth, the power of her beauty, she meant to vanquish her strange enemy, that frail old woman, with almost visibly shrinking cheeks and empty hands, stooping over the fire. The purpose was truly but half

defined, not wholly conscious; yet Love may sometimes be "strong as death," but surely jealousy is ever "cruel as the grave."

Temple Bar.

Charlotte M. New.

(To be concluded.)

THE TREE-LOVER.

Sweet in the sweet May weather,
Trees go airy and bright,
Winged with the gold-green feather,
Velled in the deep-sea light.

Clad in the emerald silk,
All a-flutter, a-glitter;
Blossoms white as the milk,
Never were roses sweeter.

Leafy shadows, all dancing,
Lovely in shine and shower,
Ever twinkling and glancing,
Birds have got them a bower.

Lord of the leaf and the tree,
When 'tis time for my going
Leafing time let it be,
Neither snowing nor blowing!

After that journey taken,
Let me open my eyes
To woods by a May-wind shaken,
Full of the birds' replies!

Paradise woods in Spring,
Scarcely than Earth's were sweeter;
Every leaf's on the wing,
All a-flutter, a-glitter.

Paradise woods in commotion,
Tossed in a heavenly May;
After the bitter ocean,
Dear and homelike were they.

Lord of the world to be,
Build me no jasper palace
But the young leaf on the tree,
And the young bloom on the trellis!

The Spectator.

Katharine Tynan.

SOME MAKERS OF SWEET SOUNDS

The days of the Commonwealth were numbered. Cromwell had succumbed to private troubles, added to those of his self-imposed task as Protector; Army and Parliament were in open rivalry, and all eyes turned to the Stuart over the water.

Assured of a welcome, Charles Stuart came, and forthwith the country went mad from excitement at having a king again. So it followed his lead in everything, and the drama, dancing, dice and music became short cuts to all manner of excess. Vice went gaily, unaccompanied by shame or reticence, for the royal example was its crown, and fashion set her seal of approval upon its scarlet raiment.

Even the soberest-minded were careful not to appear "righteous overmuch" in those days when England was said to be "merrie," when religion and moral restraint were alike trampled under foot as savoring of Puritanism.

It seemed hard that music, with a language to be understood by those alone who had received the gift, should be abused and turned to evil, yet so it was under the ruling of a king whose keynote was pleasure, and who took delight in sweet sounds. It is reported that he sang a "plump bass," and had twenty-four violins to perform in the Chapel Royal, while at Whitehall concerts sensual airs found more favor than any other style. The Saraband, the Chaconne, the Pavanne, and many more such as the French approved—combinations of notes with neither grammar nor devotion to recommend them—pleased Charles's Court; and, strange to say, in the face of this fact, Church music also received an impetus in his reign.

"God forgive me," says Pepys, whose

"Diary" supplies a wealth of gossip for lovers of prying into the past, "I was never so little pleased with a concert in my life."

So wrote he after his return from a performance at the Palace, with the shrill sounds of fiddles, the twang of citherns still in his ears, and all around an atmosphere of unequalled coarseness and immorality. No doubt many were in sympathy with Pepys, for the national spirit could not be as easily perverted in music as in other matters, and the news that Puritanism had received its death-blow by a revival of monarchy brought to England the two greatest organ-builders ever seen in the country.

As all knew, the king of instruments had suffered terribly, and been forced into silence during the days when stained glass, carvings, sacred books—in short, most outward signs of religious feeling—were destroyed by ignorance or fanaticism. It was not likely that the "kist o' whistles," as the Scotch contemptuously called the organ, should escape a like fate; but in France and Germany were biding their time certain makers of sweet sounds, and when they heard that Charles II. had been received by his people with open arms, they hastened to cross the Channel.

Bernard Smith was the first to court royal patronage, and he went from Holland, where organs were even then general in churches, to the country in which not long before pipes had been melted down for bullets, or chopped up for fire wood. Foreign workmen sent word to him that better days were coming, and Dallans was quick to make alliance with such a talented fellow-builder in the prime of life, who brought two

nephews to help him in his new venture. The immediate result of Smith's appearance in the sunshine of kingly favor was an order to put up an organ at Whitehall; and this was accordingly done with all despatch, though, as events proved more to the Smiths's satisfaction than to that of the appointed judges.

It is not easy for those who have not seen very early instruments to picture what they were like, nor to understand how difficult they must have been for performance. To begin with, the keys were few in number, besides being so broad, so deeply sunk and hard to sound that the musician struck them with his clenched fist! The stops, in some cases, were behind him, at the east end, and were managed by the blower, who at his discretion moved iron levers eighteen inches long. Centuries before, regals and Bible organs had been steps on the ladder of improvement, and slow was ascent till the seventeenth century was well advanced.

Repairs were considered an item to be paid by the parish, in common with the roof, windows, or any other part of the Church, and an entry in a churchwarden's account, dated 1513, runs as follows: "Payde to ye clarke for mending ye organnys, and he shall take care of ye pipes and ye bellows ye space of ij yerres at hys own charge five shillings."

Father Smith, so called to distinguish him from his nephew and namesake, had far too much of the reverence which goes with true love for art to put the creation of his hands on a level with walls, or roofs, for repairs by a parish clerk. No; if wood had so much as a knot in the grain, or metal were in any way faulty, the builder rejected them and made new pipes, scorning to waste time in patching up poor material. Organ repairs seem to have been a considerable item of expense to parishes, and small wonder, when the

sheepskin bellows, being ill-cured, resented too much work by cracking, or the "payre of organs" got out of gear in other ways best known to those whose painful duty it was to make or perform on them.

Bernard and Gerard worked contentedly under an uncle who soon found that the land of his adoption promised to be a good friend; for, partly perhaps from reaction after previous gloom, there was such an outburst of music all over the country at the Restoration, such a revival of song and twanging of catgut, that hope revived for better things, and the Smiths saw themselves floating with the tide towards success.

At every party might be seen the pipe, shawm, lute or viol de gamba, every street had its band, and even in the barber's shop a cithern, guitar, or small viol hung on the wall. In country places the fiddler might be called an established custom, who was sure of a welcome, a meal, or a silver coin, according to the wealth of those whose threshold he crossed. A not over-flattering description of this gentleman says: "A country wedding or a Whitsuntide ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician and overlooks the bagpipes. The rest of him is drunk or in the stocks."

When success whispers golden hopes, rivalry is apt to step in, and before the Smiths had been many months in England another name reached their ears in connection with organ-building. It was only human nature under the circumstances to dislike this, and the Germans could comfort themselves by the assurance that, having been first in the field, they had secured attention, besides ample work.

Many years before, one Thomas Harris put up an organ at Magdalen College, and afterwards, at some date unknown, emigrated with his son John to France. He may have seen that stormy times were coming, when his

business would make no way, and so wisely steered for the nearest haven where he might work on unmolested. That, however, is mere speculation, for little or nothing is on record about Smith and Harris till 1660, in which year both went over to England to tempt fortune, and entered the arena of public opinion as rivals. John had with him his son Renatus, an eager youth of twenty, full of health, hope, talent, enjoyment, and, in short, all that helps to beautify life. At first the two may have regretted that they did not earlier make their venture, for Dalans and the Smiths seemed to have most of the work in the country; and, thanks to their diligence, combined with superiority, were in men's mouths as not to be surpassed.

"Patience, my son," said John; "we must wait a little. Fortunes are not made in a day, nor reputations either."

But Renatus was young, and he did not understand or like that word "patience." He chafed at the scanty encouragement his father received; he was indignant that a worker who was every whit as good as the German should not be able to push his way quicker, and determined to do so at all costs.

It spoke well for the future that His Majesty smiled on music, and three years after he came to the throne he augmented by Privy Seal the salaries of those gentlemen who were attached to the Chapel Royal. At the same time thirty pounds a year were settled on the Choir Master, Mr. Henry Cook, and his successors in office; and youngsters were allowed to show what talent they possessed in composition, instead of being bound down to follow along the narrow, beaten tracks of those who had gone before. These things were good for the cause which many had at heart, and music lovers who were rich with buds of promise opened, as years went on, into blossom, because they were

not nipped by the frost of misunderstanding in an uncongenial atmosphere.

John Blow, then a lad of fifteen, already showed that some day his name might make itself widely known, and Henry Purcell's bird-like notes were first heard in the Chapel Royal when he was only six. Aldrich, Dr. Pepusch, Corelli, Banister were older, and already rising into fame, and in the purileus of Clerkenwell lived one of nature's gentlemen, who traded in small coal, though his soul was given to greater things. More of him anon; and meanwhile the Smiths must again be glanced at, in their workshop, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, where the floor was strewn with shavings or piled with pipes, varied by boards in every stage of their conversion into instruments.

The first attempt at Whitehall was too hasty and failed to satisfy, yet, in spite of it, the Smiths received an order to supply an organ for Westminster Abbey, next for St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and thirdly for St. Margaret's at Westminster, after which Father Smith was appointed organist of the last-named at a salary of twenty pounds. His reputation was made before this, and thenceforth work was a series of triumphs. December 30, 1666, there is a note in Pepys' "Diary:" "I to the Abbey, and walked there, seeing the great confusion of people that came to hear the organ," the people who, after the manner of sheep going through a hedge gap, followed where others went before. They extolled or blamed according to fashion, whether they were capable of judging or not; and thus it came to pass that Fortune smiled on the Smiths, who seemed to have all-powerful patrons' custom in their hands when the Harrises first made their venture.

Being wiser in his generation than his son, John Harris turned his attention to the country, because he soon

saw that Father Smith was more than his match in London, where competition was therefore useless. Renatus's belief in himself made him chafe against his parent's verdict; nevertheless he had to submit, and the pair went to Gloucester to build a new organ for the Cathedral, which had suffered grievously, among many others, during the Commonwealth. Articles of agreement were duly drawn up between "the Dene and Chapter of Gloucester of the one part, and Thomas and Réne Harris, his sonne, both of the Cittie of London, organ-makers, of the other parte. The said Thomas Harris and Réne Harris (for, and in consideration of the yearly Rent and Covenant herein after menconed to be paid and performed) do for themselves severall promise, covenant and agree to and with the said Dene and Chapter that they, the ad: Thomas Harris and Réne Harris, or one of them, shall and will from time to time (during the pleasure of the said Dene and Chapter), well and sufficiently keepe the organ in as good repair as it now is, especially as to the musique part of it, as alsoe to keep it from Runniges, Stickinges and CIPHERINGS, or whatever else may happen to the prejudice of the said organ (all violent mocons or accidents by ropes and prejudice by Ratts or other like vermin excepted). And further that they, the said Thomas Harris and Réne Harris, or one of them, shall once in half a yeare or oftener, as occasion shall require, give notice to the said Dene and Chapter of theire certain abode, that soe notice may be given to them for mendinge the said organ when there shall be occasion."

So the articles continue their wordy way for many a page, providing against every possible variety of accident to the new organ, and securing its builders' services at any time.

Gradually, by quiet perseverance, the visitors from France won a footing—

they either restored or built instruments for several other Cathedrals—and the Smiths began to feel a little jealous, a trifle afraid lest their own work should be interfered with. In 1672 Dallans died, and his loss was serious to Father Smith, who found himself left to contend single-handed against the Harrises. There was nothing to fear from the elder, but Renatus, with his tall, lithe form, sparkling eyes and youthful vigor, was a rival whom he dreaded.

The men came to open strife in a musical sense in 1682, when both received permission to put up organs in the Temple; and Smith was furious, because he urged that the order had first been given to him. Anger, however, was useless when competition had been decided upon by those who held the purse, and both parties began their preparations, Father Smith in wrath that still smouldered, because no notice was taken of a memorial signed by several tradesmen to say that they had heard the commission given to him. The benchers of the Temple suggested the trial because they found the Harrises had brought themselves into notice by excellent work done at Chichester, Winchester, Hereford, Ely, Norwich, Cork; St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; King's College Chapel, Cambridge; and other places.

While the builders made pipes and bellows, shaped keys and hammered metal, concerts multiplied; musicians, being nourished in an atmosphere of dulcet strains shaped by science, thrived apace, and music might almost be said to vie with gambling as an amusement. The concerts were for the most part advertised in papers or cried in the streets, and the following, taken from the London Gazette, gives an idea of the style in which people were, in the seventeenth century, attracted to hear what might please their minds through their ears:

"This is to give notice that at John Banister's house (now called the Music School), over against the George Tavern, in White Fryers, this present Monday, will be music performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and at every afternoon for the future precisely at the same hour."

The art was by no means confined to smart ladies with feathers and jewels, or to needy gentlefolks who looked to make a living by their gift. In the neighborhood of Clerkenwell might be seen a short, thick-set man, arrayed in a blue smock, the worse for wear, to say nothing of coal stains. Yet what cared Thomas Britton, the wearer, when the laden basket he carried had to be delivered at his patrons' doors? The deeply sunk eyes under thick, dark brows, were windows to a soul that occupied itself with far other matters, and, when duty was done, the soiled smock was flung aside in the little corner-house which once had been a stable.

Beyond was a narrow passage leading past the old Jerusalem Tavern into St. John's square, and Britton's friend, who presided over the tavern, supplied his visitors with beer.

Yet, despite poverty, dust, small coal and most unfashionable quarters, there were many visitors to the humble abode, and, furthermore, they were obliged to climb laboriously up some steep steps set on the wall outside, to reach a loft where entertainment awaited them. The said loft was a long narrow room, so low that a tall man could barely stand upright without touching the beams overhead, and there Thomas Britton provided every week a concert for love instead of money.

The Duchess of Queensbury, among other fine dames about Court, mounted those steps on more than one occasion, for the small-coal man's fame as a pa-

tron of literature as well as art spread widely in London, and there were few who did not know that harmony of the best was to be enjoyed by those who chose to make their way to Aylesbury Street. At the harpsichord Handel presided in the early days of his first visit to England, or Dr. Pepusch, and Medler or Banister took first violin. Britton sometimes joined in with the viol de gamba, and he managed to squeeze an organ into the end of his room, where high and low were welcomed on Thursday afternoons.

Rumor said that Sir Roger l'Estrange, a well-known character at that time, helped to make Britton fashionable, and to set his concerts on foot about 1678. Be that as it may, the house attracted the greatest talent, besides beauty and wit, that were known in his day, and though the concert-giver's friends urged that a charge should be made in return for their enjoyment, he was content with this alone to reward him. Walpole says that in time Britton yielded to the extent of a ten-shilling fee per annum, and a penny for each "dish of coffee" consumed on the premises. But he is the only authority for this statement, whereas Thoresby, in his Journal, as late as 1712, mentions "a noble concert of music for many years past, gratis."

The humbly-born, high-minded artist died two years after that date, and gratitude burst into poetry to keep his memory green when those who for years had visited him should be silenced by the same messenger:

Though doomed to small coal, yet to
arts allied,
Rich without wealth and famous without
pride,
Music's best patron, judge of books and
men,
Beloved and honored by Apollo's train.

Towards the end of May, 1684, Renatus Harris gave notice that his organ

was ready, and asked for permission to set it up for trial on the south side of the Communion Table, Smith having already placed his in the north aisle. Next year, after much debate, judgment was given in favor of Smith's instrument. The benchers, however, would not agree with their brethren of the Middle Temple, and the battle dragged on for three more weary years before the successful builder was paid a thousand pounds.

Very acceptable the money must have been, because by that time both Smiths and Harris had nearly ruined themselves by active rivalry, and the Temple competition was only one of many. Some years previously Renatus Harris had challenged the older builder to make within a certain time reed stops, such as the *vox humana*, *cremona* and double courtel, which, as new inventions, gave great delight to listeners.

Drs. Blow and Purcell were selected by Father Smith to try his organ when it was ready, and Harris fixed upon Baptiste Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine at Somerset House. The very night before performance, Harris's friends cut his rival's bellows in such a way that they would not work properly; nevertheless the musicians managed to play, and the casting vote fell to Judge Jeffries, who gave it in favor of the German. Perhaps he was somewhat swayed by the unfair trick which had been played upon Smith, and, Harris, sore, no doubt, from failure after the sharp contention, was consoled only in part when his organ was bought by the Irish to be put up in Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin.

The affair indirectly did good to Harris by making him more prominent with the public, and in 1690 Renatus went to Oxford to enlarge the organ built by his grandfather for Magdalen College. The green-eyed monster made war within him, despite success, despite rising fame, for was not Bernard

Smith "organ-maker in ordinary" to His Majesty, and, as such, allotted apartments in Whitehall called the organ-builder's warehouse? While this was the case there was small peace of mind for the other, especially when he knew that his rival had been given important work at St. Paul's.

By that time the elder Harris had gone to his rest, so Renatus took up his abode in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, and bent his best energies to devise some novelty by which he might triumph over Smith.

One day the music-loving public was startled by a printed notice to the effect that all were invited to Wine Office Court who cared to hear a semitone divided into fifty distinct and separate parts. Father Smith scoffed and stormed, said such a thing was impossible, and that the advertisement was merely a piece of folly to attract fools by curiosity to the warehouse. But calm in the consciousness of a well-thought-out plan, Renatus paid no heed, and when the day came he bowed courteously to the wearers of curled wigs, to the dainty ladies with patches, rouge, and fans who sought admission to hear this strange new thing. Few of them most likely had ears fine enough to catch the delicate gradations of sound, and those who happened to be thus gifted were in all probability rewarded by melodies afterwards on the showman's instruments, thanks to which they went their ways duly impressed with his talent.

Such tests were not really needed to prove it, for Renatus had long before written his name in capitals on people's minds, and consequently he found no lack of work to do. Doubtless he was personally in touch with Aldrich, Blow and Purcell, the last two of whom were in turn organists at Westminster Abbey, and found their graves under its shadow when their work was done. Harris would also have known Banis-

ter the violinist, son to him who advertised daily concerts at his house, Thomas Britton, and many more of like mind on the subject of an art which links earth to heaven. For there is a freemasonry founded on sympathy in music, which draws its possessors together as few things have the same power to do, and London was always a centre to attract talent from every part, that it might sun itself, if chance were kind, in the monarch's smiles.

Towards the latter end of his life Renatus Harris retired to Bristol, where he continued to provide for church harmonies with the help of his two sons, Renatus and John. By that time he had lost father and wife, seen four sovereigns lay down the sceptre, and gone through changes enough to fill a volume, could they be enumerated at length. Many of Harris's contemporaries were in that world of fuller comprehension of which we know so little while tolling in this.

Britton went in the early autumn of 1714; Purcell nearly twenty years before, when he was only thirty-seven; Blow in 1708; and Renatus began to

feel, as our elders are apt to do, that he was standing alone among the ghosts of his youth, stranded by Time's tide on the shore among those who had been in arms or unborn when he first came from France.

Two years after George I. was crowned in Westminster Abbey, Renatus Harris the elder took leave of the younger, set his affairs in order, and passed to the other side. He was only seventy-five, but men live less by years than by work and experience, and the great organ-buider was aged by much of both before his son went down in a flood of glory which still lingers, though nearly two hundred years have since rolled away.

Full half a century elapsed after the Restoration before organs became general in churches, and though, in the peaceful times that followed at intervals, the instruments were gradually brought to much perfection, none can forget the two makers of sweet sounds who did, perhaps, more than all the rest to help forward the cause of religious music in their day, namely, Father Smith and Renatus Harris.

S. M. Craxley Boevey.

Longman's Magazine.

THE KEEPERS OF LITERATURE.

Critics have seldom fared joyously at the hands of Englishmen. They bear a bad name, as though little better than yelping curs which leap up at the table for crumbs, and bite the master whose benevolence feeds them. To the English mind it seems, indeed, that genius cannot help snatching a grace beyond the reach of art, nor needs it in moments of creative ecstasy; whereas, it will be said, the critic is nothing if not artificial: he is merely reflective, second-hand, the ape or plague of au-

thorship—a camp-follower, who strips the wounded, while wearing the Geneva cross. And yet in the mighty roll of our literature this poor anatomist cannot be wanting; he dares even to achieve greatness; neither will the age to come forget Pater, Arnold, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, Lamb, Coleridge, Emerson, all of whom, keeping “a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men,”—to quote Milton's language—have given admirable proof that criticism too might work

miracles and "ascend the brightest heaven of invention." The subtle wisdom, the fire of immortality, the light and music, which make of drama, romance and history a living thing, stream along these pages also, in which books are dealt with as forming a world of their own, nay as "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." I define critics as the keepers of literature. It is their office to pass true sentence on all that is written, and subdue it to order and virtue. Other men conquer in the field of action; these conquer in the province of thought. They have their own moral code, an ethics or a standard, and according as they observe it, we must account them base or noble. But, if I am not wholly mistaken, there never was a time when criticism had so large a task, or was more indispensable than now, amid the deluge of publications without ceasing which claim to be judged and interpreted.

There is a world of books. Let us begin with this first great truth, so easily overlooked. A world, I repeat, as immense, confused and irregular as nature itself, as difficult to explore, as bewildering as riches and variety. Knowledge upon any wide scale is rare; judgment is rarer still. Even the necessity of judging does not strike the casual reader. This is an age of first impressions; "here and away" is its railroad philosophy, which flies while it reads, catches half the meaning, and runs into a second volume long ere it has finished the one it took up. I have somewhere called reading a narcotic; but I find Socrates, in the "Phædrus," warning his own time that "neither poetry nor prose, written or spoken, is of any great value if, like the compositions of the rhapsodes, they are only recited in order to be taken on trust, and not with a view to criticism or instruction." Literature should be something better

than a feminine substitute for tobacco; and even the intellectual sex would do itself no harm if it smoked less and thought more when it handled the latest thing out from Mudie's or the railway bookstall. Passive impressions kill genius; criticism, provided it is fair and searching, will do much to keep it alive. But as churches have too often corrupted religion, so the mercenary scribe, or the pedant who sacrifices inspiration to his absurd conventional rules, and Polonius who cannot swallow his formulas, though he is in the presence of Hamlet, are among the causes of the decay of eloquence. They seem to have ruined the Greek and Italian literature. Nevertheless, criticism will ever take rank with the Fine Arts, and is itself a fruitful province of letters.

I have now and then amused myself with fancying that Ion, in that exquisite Greek play called after his name, was a pattern of the perfect critic, who loves books and those who write them. For "while he was yet a boy," Hermes tells us, "he used to sport round the altars at which he was nourished; but when he grew up the Delphiâns set him to keep the treasures of the gods, and he lived in the temple, spending his days religiously." His delight was to trim the lamps, fetch water from the spring, sweep the courts of the house and chase away with his arrows the birds that would have defiled the sacred marble statues. Though unacknowledged, he was the true son of Apollo. He lived in the divine air, which inspired his lips no less than it did the Pythian oracle; and so he became "*internuntius deorum*," their minister and messenger, a guide of pilgrims and at home in the holy place. Such, I think, the best critics have ever been. Without them, how few of us would have known what to admire, and where to look for the life-giving sentences, the heroic figures, or the laws of beauty,

acquaintance with which is the test, as imitation of them is the scope, of any high civilization?

Unless the critic be an interpreter, he is merely an advertisement. He must have the power of seeing what there is to see—sympathetic insight; but his very name declares him to be a judge; and without principles, how can he arrive at a true verdict? He is concerned with the thing that is said, and the way it is said,—with the substance, form and purpose of its author, to whose achievement he holds up a plane looking-glass wherein not a line shall be twisted out of place, not a feigned color thrown upon the object. His first business resembles that of the actor; it is dramatic and introspective,—nothing else than to take on himself the person of a stranger and make it simply his own. He cannot begin with judgment; that is the last, the crowning act in a subtle and complicated process, which therefore becomes impossible without time. And the rarer qualities ask for leisure to appraise them; how can they lie on the surface, or be caught by the distracted eye which is chasing a thousand notes in the dusty popular sunbeam? Count how long it has taken the average man to recognize a Wordsworth, a Hawthorne; and bear in mind that much of the finest Greek tragedy has perished because during centuries there was no critic who had any sense of its lofty excellence, while the common or the absurd was transcribed again and again. This power of apprehension is, therefore, a gift so precious, or rather so indispensable, that we may be indulgent towards those who say almost rudely to us, "Tell me what you have read; not what you choose to think about it." Sympathy, however, is only one part of the critical function; we must see things as they are, undoubtedly; but if we aim at "pleasing the gods, our masters," let us endeavor

likewise, to see things as they should be; not only Nature and the Real, but the Idea, according to which in the realm of perfect beauty, these have been framed. First sympathy, then insight, and lastly judgment. "Censure me in your wisdom," cries Brutus, "and awake your senses that you may the better judge." Here is the whole duty of the critic.

But awakened senses are really not so common. We think in grooves, along the line of least resistance, hating an author whose mind is ever driving us from the track, and who will not be content to drone in our ears the accustomed bagpipe minstrelsy. In George Meredith, for example, we pause unwillingly at every sentence, almost at every other phrase. And I suspect that many admirers of Shakespeare glide over his astonishing deeps, not seeing the abysses beneath them, but following the story as it trips ahead, like grown-up children. For the vacancy of their impression afterwards can in no other way be explained. It is an immense advantage to all these and their like when some one who understands their language, as well as the dialect of the gods, comes forward and interprets the heavenly message. Perhaps even he that is only a grammarian, or a student of the text, blind as any owl to its meaning, may yet do them a service, enabling others to see with the aid of spectacles that do not enlighten this Dryasdust himself. All such helps and furnishings we will take for granted. The apprehension of which we now speak is more human, "spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost;" it is intimate, piercing to the marrow, lively, if not complete, and disengaged, so far as may be, from the personal equation. A critic who knows what he is about should be capable of reproducing, in his own terms, yet with entire exactitude, the very form and pressure of any age, custom, thought, character.

person, incident or system on which he is going to offer an opinion. The mind, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, is a universal capacity of representation, a glass for every shape, itself bound to none. I cannot think a critic perfect who betrays by slight touches or the beginnings of caricature that he is not in accord with his subject, while professing to rehearse the situation as it appears in the volume before him. He should let the author say his say, neither weakening the discourse by interruptions nor smiling to the audience as one better informed, and—if he can reach so difficult a height—remembering always that the long disputes of history have seldom turned upon the value of an argument, but constantly on the truth of apprehension. First principles are not easy to state; and he that knows not how to imitate another man's gestures may wisely doubt whether he has compassed the whole of another man's meaning. Do all great authors think alike? More probably no two ever had the same vision of this illimitable universe. Our utmost endeavor will leave much in the dark. But those who start with a supposition that one hasty reading may serve their judgment, have forgotten, or maybe they never knew, what a hazardous and conjectural science is psychology.

The English temper is not neutral, or dramatic, but steeped in prepossessions that dye it constantly through and through. It feels less of the pure delight in workmanship, or the make of a thing, than would be thought possible, considering how splendid are its accomplished results in the highest range of tragic, epic and romantic poetry. If we distinguish in criticism that element which looks to the purpose from that which is concerned with the form of literature, we must allow that in England, outside the Elizabethan period, the immediate success of a

book has been determined far more by its ethical, social or religious contents than by its intrinsic merits as a work of art. Thus the most popular storyteller was Dickens, who added to an extraordinary gift of moralizing caricature a vein of sentimental emotion, and who always wrote with a purpose.

How seldom, on the other hand, do we in this country expend a volume upon questions of style and treatment, which are the first that occur to a French genius like Flaubert, nay, to a student of human varieties no less curious and versatile than Balzac? I call the English manner of judging Darwinian, for it looks always to consequences; in a high or a low sense, as the case may be, it is utilitarian. But I hope, while admitting all that it may claim of truth and fairness, to indicate a second method which grows out of it—the Platonic, the judgment by ideals, apart from which it is little better than sermonizing, and assuredly cannot pretend to be itself a fine art.

When, therefore, we demand insight, sympathy and apprehension in our critic, we shall scarcely turn to the average Englishman, but rather to Goethe or Sainte-Beuve—great names, and in nothing more remarkable than in their faculty of metamorphosis, by which they put off their own nature and enter into a life distinct from themselves, reproducing it, not as dead and dissected, not upon the lines of caricature, but as a moving and effective whole. In their magic we perceive a spiritual power beyond the reach of any kodak. They express the very soul of their author, and often understand him better than he understands himself. To his art, supreme though it may be, these transcendent critics bring a crystal-clear analysis, one example of which, Goethe's character of Hamlet, is classic, even among Shakespeare's countrymen. But I might select for their envy and admiration—if they

could ever deem it worth while to think seriously on historic names in French literature—Sainte-Beuve's chapters in his "Port Royal," where he paints so vividly, and contrasts to such good purpose, the rival philosophers, Pascal and Montaigne. Here is the steady and unadulterated insight that transmits to us an object in its real habit and proportions, exact as science, yet neither cold nor abstract; and surely the whole is a masterpiece, fit to be hung in the same gallery with the works which it judges. Genius, though creative, could attempt no more. If we praise the "Coriolanus" of our own dramatist—which is yet founded on Plutarch—as a marvel of interpretation, why should we be chary in our acknowledgments where a Sainte-Beuve calls up out of fragmentary and scattered reminiscences a figure like Montaigne's, with all its dominant motives visible, or concentrates the light upon that head of Pascal which rises up as from an abyss of darkness, despair in its eyes and murmurs almost inarticulate upon its dying lips? So much can the insight of criticism achieve when it is patient, just and disengaged from prepossession.

The Darwinian examines books as he does kinds or species, by asking, "What is this for life? Where is its place in the world-movement? Is it an advance or a relapse?" All which are questions that greatly concern the public welfare, and to answer them is excellent and the critic's duty. Therefore he must be learned. But his learning may easily fall away into the antiquarian's superstition, which values tombstones more than the life they record, as we have seen too frequently when Shakespeare, Milton, or even Shelley, by provoking enthusiasm, tempted scholars into an old clothes', or Wardour Street, profession, in which the parish and its register loomed larger than the universe. There is an intolerable pedantry that smothers the immortal in his

own relics and ceremonies, in genealogies, pay-lists, washing-bills and correspondence about the nothings of every working-day, fit only when they were done with, to be flung behind the fire. These paper-mongers and schollasts make literature contemptible. They transmute the finest inspiration to prose; at their unconsecrating touch, Wordsworth, lofty and star-like in his serene element, sinks down to a Westmoreland peasant, whom we dislike for all manner of petty hindrances to our worship of him, while his poems lose by the very exactitude of that topography which some good men have inflicted on us, as though a pedestrian's map were much the same as a Bible. It is not the accumulation of facts that enlightens, but their significance; if we will not select among them we shall never come to a focus. Learning, by all means—but, at last, erudition must end in philosophy, else it is a wood without paths, and a landscape on the Chinese pattern which has no perspective.

As soon as we begin to determine our focus, insight is passing into judgment. I do not arraign the Darwinian method or pretend that art has no bearing on life. How can it fall, unless it is merely decorative—an arabesque of pretty but unmeaning lines,—to affect our thoughts concerning the laws of conduct, the outlook into the Beyond, the height or depth of actions measured upon an ethical standard? From this point of view, which is strictly human, there never can be an "art for art;" since, to put the matter in a nutshell, art is only one form of a man's activity, and, like every other form, it manifests his character and also modifies it, by the contagion of example, by the force of reflection, and by an added self-consciousness. Life, in short, is itself the stage on which this play is acted. We never escape into the *unmoral*; humanity breathes an ethical atmosphere and carries Heaven and

Hell with it wherever it travels. Neither Kant nor Mr. Herbert Spencer, though champions of schools the most opposite, would endure to leave questions of art aside when discussing the great moral problems. Surely, plays and sports themselves—pastimes however seemingly frivolous—fall, as by instinct, under rule and law; in them, too, the Horatian canon has jurisdiction, "*quid virtus et quid sapientia possit.*" And if, as Schiller teaches, poetry, narrative and dramatic, took its rise in a genial imitation of life during moments when the mind was at leisure, these shadows would be worse than incomplete did they not render the characteristic human quality, which is a discernment between right and wrong. On the principle, therefore, of evolution, now applied to the whole of history, and to man as its outcome, art must be ethical. The criticism that sets a value upon it will enquire, not only whether it is founded on fact and reality, but likewise on what level it stands, to what further ascents it leads up, and in what mood it leaves the spectator whose innermost fibres it has touched to issues that cannot be disregarded. Such notes of interrogation, while supposing the real to have been put under our observing-glass, point to the ideal as its scope, its final cause, and its test of merit. All high literature brings with it a sense of deliverance.

This, as students will remark, is Schopenhauer's teaching. But the philosopher of Frankfort did not invent a doctrine which is common to him with metaphysicians and poets in his own land, with Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Fichte, and which may be traced to the mountain-spring of all European Idealism, Plato. Manifestly, such a Divine Idea, seen but not realized, will furnish, as Matthew Arnold tells us, a criticism of life, for it holds within it the true poetical justice, right reason,

the measure of all things, a light in which the fairest human relations become visible, and crimes and lusts and deformities are compelled to pass sentence on themselves. What a magnificent ideal, for instance, is thrown up on a background of densest gloom by the single figure of Iago! As we watch his villainy moving on to its triumphant close, and loathe it, and pity his victims, and are at once identified with Othello and Desdemona, yet raised above them by the artist's contemplation, we feel how the heart of the world beats to a pulse of truth, purity, kindness, and that existence divorced from all these would fall into chaos. But their estate in this lower condition is tragic still; some other element, base and evil, has to be purged out, if justice shall not undergo lasting defeat. The glimpse that we obtain of such a day of victory is, perhaps, that purification by means of pity and terror on which Aristotle has left us a tantalizing sentence. At all events when Schopenhauer says that redemption from the pain of the world, from existence merely transient or phenomenal, is the end of art, we grasp his meaning without difficulty. There is a Platonic Heaven in which the forms abide of beauty, wisdom and holiness. It is the Heaven from which art has come down, and thither it goes up again, as to its proper sphere. The poet is a lover of that unknown Eros. If he falls into ecstasy, or is inspired, we distinguish the rapture of the Ideal from a Bacchic drunkenness by this very circumstance, that in his dreams he beholds the laws as throned gods, and the hints and prophecies which he brings away with him—the fire in the reed—are intellectual, not kindling the blood so much as cleansing it and giving a fresh sense, austere though fervent, as of reaches and prospects into eternity.

Hence Coleridge, who saw the intimate association between art, ethics

and the Divine, might have comprehended all three under his account of religion, for what else is any one of them than a "worship of the Invisible?" None, consequently, is the lust of sensation seeking to gratify itself; none the mere secret of tickling a jaded or furious appetite, concerning which the Platonic Socrates had so many biting words to utter, and doubtless he would utter them again if he walked and talked in modern drawing-rooms. The critic has a task somewhat loftier than was assigned him by Mr. Pater—that conscientious student who did, indeed, as time went on, rise above his own definition, but who had once looked upon works of art simply as "powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations," and to whom criticism was the analysis which separated from all other elements precisely that "unique impression" without regard to ethics. So, at least, I read his well-known "Preface" to "Studies on the Renaissance," and whether I mistake him or no, it is certain that many have construed aesthetics as a science of pleasure applied to art. The word is incurably double meaning. Of course, deliverance is pleasure, redemption is pleasure; but a pleasure that involves the sacrifice of all pleasure less than itself. And so from definitions of this kind we arrive at no clear result, and there is in them not the slightest guidance.

But if we say that art contributes to an ethical temper, and disengage from its concrete presentment some of the living laws which it reveals or symbolizes; if we enable the reader to go along with the dramatist in his interpretation of conduct, and to seize his drift, and not overlook his finer strokes, this will be criticism to the purpose. Nor should we forget that any *mythus* or story which gives to life a significance deeper than the commonplace will be, of necessity, ethical; for in piercing below the crust on which men stand so con-

tentedly, it cannot but drive them, in spite of their lazy and vulgar selves, to seek a foundation firmer than earthquakes may trouble. The Epicurean, in quest of a daintier prey, has often journeyed from the "steaming valleys of sense" up to Alpine summits; for the end of animal desire is world-weariness, and the pessimist, succeeding to the man of pleasure, has a certain negative affinity with the Christian. We may, therefore, agree with that robust philosopher, Ben Jonson, when he lays it down that the aim of poetry, in which we could comprehend all literature worthy of the title, is "to inform men in the just reason of living." First, as Emerson observes, we ask for the fact; but immediately after for the critic's impression of it. And his impression cannot be independent of his ideal. The world is fashioned by thought, which again reads the writing and gives the interpretation. Now, if this be not as the Divinity intended, what is its value?

Thus we have seen the Platonic ideal, laid up in some Heaven of Art, emerge from the Darwinian method faithfully pursued. The task of criticism appears, on a like showing, to be all one with the attainment of culture; and those who distinguish between critic and genius overlook, or have failed to understand, the true qualities of both. For there never was excelling art which did not imply acquaintance with technique, though instinctive or self-acquired—as, to speak historically, the best way of seeing into rules and conditions of workmanship has been the study of the great masters. But all this belongs to criticism; nay, who can doubt that Shakespeare, in his repeated and most instructive manipulation of his own plays, gives evidence of a subtle yet deliberate power, which, taken by itself, would have made him as superb a critic as Goethe or Aristotle? It is true that he puts forward his won-

derful skill in act and exercise rather than in "the bookish theoretic;" but we may account this an accident, or set it down among the proofs that a faculty so minute in its touches, so close to the springs of thought, is not easily reduced to form and compass. The poet practises an art which his reader, if not wholly beneath him, should be able to analyze. There must be something in common between actor and audience—a soul in which they unite, a language they wield not altogether unequally; they meet at the centre and rise to the burning sun upon wings of flame, which bear them up in one sustained flight. He that knows what culture is and ought to be has already the gifts of a critic, and is a receptive genius, though he may not yet be the demigod who shapes this world's experience to beauty or grandeur, and upon it stamps his sovereign image.

Now, undoubtedly, culture is selection. The word means as much. Whether it begins with rules and applies them, or considers these dramas, statues, pictures and by a sort of intuition goes back to their causes, judging them as if they were products of *Madre Natura* rather than works of art, still it must sift and winnow, and severely discriminate, in order to arrive at a right verdict. It weighs the present; it makes comparison with the past; it knows also of those futurities in which the Ideal is hidden. It is at home with "*diese erlogene Wahrheit*," with the fabling of the gods, which, as we read in "*Wilhelm Meister*," is truth itself, accommodated to our weaker faculties. But, to borrow from Mr. Spencer's ethical "restraints on praise," this higher kind of falsehood, no less than "duty to society," will "forbid the public critic from giving currency to unmerited encomiums;" and he must never extol the authors who cannot lie like truth. Art is a convention, a deceit to which we submit on condition of its

taking us in. And culture is the art of playing with life charmingly: it has an ironical touch; it escapes by laughter, by the sublime, by satire, by music, by detachment, by an exquisite or a tender resignation, and by an infinite faculty of symbolism, from the crude matter of fact which threatens to make of the spirit a slave or a superfluity. Culture is that in me by which I overcome what is strange, brutal, tyrannous, degrading; it is my world where I am master, and whoso comes thither must bow to my conditions. Or it is the Self, alone and unconquerable, that has assimilated the riches of experience and given them another life—almost, I had said, a personality,—in virtue of which they become individual, characteristic, unique in their power and expression. Therefore it has been admirably said that the problem of culture is to establish the conditions under which genius will spring up, and when it has arisen will be recognized. The home of culture was Athens; its happiest state we may view in the immortal words of Pericles on a great occasion; and if we are to sum them up, we cannot do so better than in the phrase which is peculiarly Greek and English, of a "liberal education." For it was the boast of the Athenians, said their splendid orator, that they "cultivated the fine arts with economy, and philosophized without effeminacy," picturing in these words the masculine thought as well as the sense of what is beautiful, which, in their combination, bring before us the Plato, Sophocles and Phidias of the lightsome city, or our own masters in epic and tragic verse—the prophets of England,—by whom her children had been trained in manliness and wisdom.

Yet the genuine education which deserves to be called liberal is not always given in public schools. And, if we may argue from the popularity of certain authors, masculine and feminine,

It has not come in with School Boards, for all their assiduous drumming upon extracts from the poets. Schopenhauer is, even at this day, justified in his assertion that genius appears like a sport or a monstrosity amid the thousands of the Phillistines, who are incapable of its flights and careless whether it starves for lack of recognition. How few editions of the classics, ancient or modern, would satisfy the public demand, were not the endowment of scholarship provided at the Universities and by authority upheld also as a national institution, and so woven into the life of the professions, lay or clerical? Here it is that the keepers of literature may fulfil a duty, as lofty as it is momentous, towards the Commonwealth, if they will rescue from oblivion, or at least from the danger of it, those mighty instructors, beacons of light to all generations, who, in the absence of such guides, would remain unvisited and, except for their names, unknown, like the highest peaks among the Alps, and on much the same account, because they tower above the common in an austere solitude.

But for a long succession of critics and exponents where would now be the living influence, which alone deserves to be called fame, of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and the magnificent English prose writers of the seventeenth century? What have not critics done to make Goethe familiar in the dull German society which, at all events, is aware of some more exquisite manner than its own, since it has read "Tasso" and "Iphigenie?" Or who were they that, little by little, established in immortal seats Wordsworth and Shelley, scorned at first by "enlightenment" as eccentric or moonstruck rhapsodists, and, indeed, speaking a language that their own time simply did not comprehend? Criticism has been prettily described as "an echo of art on the strings of science;" but we

will think of it as setting the great works in a key which modulates, by easy intervals, into the common language. It assimilates while it explains; and the end is a happy blending of old and new, adapted to the younger dynasty by which progress is carried on. Or it is an apprenticeship of the public "will and reason," as Coleridge speaks, under the few that are capable of long-continued, harmonious and creative thought. For, beyond question, we must agree with Winckelmann where he maintains that "the beauty of art requires for its apprehension a deeper sense" than the beauty we see around us. A fair face will charm as soon as looked upon; but a fair poem or picture waits until some inward faculty has been awakened, and who shall call it up from sleep if not the critic? He is the riper mind, not blunted by erudition, nor in love with bathos; sympathetic because he understands; able to resist the enchantments of mere "Sicilian cadences;" who, moving about undaunted in the depths of the spirit, judges with open eyes, and compels us to regard that which he is contemplating. The critic, at his best, is a hero like the god whom he brings in. What must he not endeavor to attain when he would be loyal to his calling? The lesser things—scholarship, industry, freedom from conventions; and the greater—insight, imagination, principles, a world-philosophy, enthusiasm for ideals as yet hardly dreamed of by the many, a passion that anticipates the golden age of intelligence, the universal reign of light, the triumph of man over himself as he now is. Nothing less will come up to the pattern of the critic who is not ashamed to take in hand a play like "The Tempest," or Wordsworth's "Odes," or the prose of Ruskin and Newman, or the meditations of Christina Rossetti. It is not too much if we ask of him, before he speaks, that he shall have seen things

in the Divine order, and remember what he has seen.

But we live when the Press seems "rank and unweeded;" when amusement is taken as the sole aim of writing; when continuous thought has been made more difficult than ever, thanks to the multitude of discordant voices; when religion has gone out and philosophy has not come in, so far as the millions are concerned who now read, not knowing what they read—neither its drift nor its origin. The whole gamut of beliefs and no-beliefs is sounded in their ears; but they have not the inward sense which discriminates, rejects, chooses, until the chaos grows to be an ordered tranquil world, and the laws of life shine over it. Surely there never was a time of such widespread mental confusion. Some may call it liberty; but the license of opinions is one thing, the freedom of philosophy another. Bad critics announce themselves as impressionists, realists, decadents, and their flag is inscribed "Art for art," which, if it meant only that art has its proper end, instruments and method, would be no more than Aristotle said twenty-two centuries ago; but it is false and intolerable, because it means a revolt against ethics, and carries in its bosom the lust of sensual pleasure. We have maintained that culture is also an art, and that art is worship. When reading, therefore, sinks to passive enjoyment, without effort in the process, or reverence as the mood in which we rise from it, what shall we think? It has become mere luxury and dissipation, a fatal source of decline, the opposite in every sense to that "philosophizing without effeminacy" which has yielded us the noblest fruits of Hellenic literature.

Criticism, taken up as an art on a level with creation, as a branch at once of ethics and æsthetics, interpreting truth in forms of beauty, might do

something to arrest a decay which has already set in. There is, no doubt, a remnant who in the world of books do, as their fathers did in the world of action, realize that choice and self-denial, and an energy going out from themselves, are their only means of subduing the powers of death and of saving their souls alive. "What proof of scepticism is there," asks Emerson, "like the base rate at which the highest mental and moral gifts are held?" To the multitude, a literary career implies no sort of heroism. It is only putting pen to paper, they imagine. But, I say, even in reading as in writing, heroism will be demanded of all who seek after truth and justice. Nor shall the beautiful in style, character, narrative, be compassed or seen without chivalry, dangers overcome, and perseverance in that quest which is a trial of manhood, as well as its reward. From all which, we may conclude what are the tasks of criticism in our time, and how truly it is pictured in the opening scene of Euripides which I quoted at the beginning. Its concern is with "the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example;" and unless it will study therein, it deserves to be called amateur trifling, when it is not purchased praise or a hasty letting down of fancies, corrupt in its motive or deadly in its representation. It is much to name objects, feelings, states of mind, to see clearly what the author intended; but it is more to set a value upon his work, and to point him out as he moves along to honor or dishonor, according as he agrees with truth or misconstrues it. How these things are to be accomplished without philosophy I never could perceive. "There is but one knowledge that deserves the name of wisdom," said the Greek thinker, "and it is knowledge that is identical with all-encompassing law." Such is the definition of culture in the artist and in the critic, who differ chiefly, not

in the measure of their understanding, so much as in their capacity of showing it by concrete and singular examples,—by an excess of imaginative power in the one, of deliberate counsel

in the other,—and who combine, I repeat, as actor and audience, to put on our human stage the *tragli-comedy*, which most of us play without knowing it.

The National Review.

William Barry.

THE FIRST IMPULSE.*

Touriri, a wealthy citizen of Bagdad, was justly celebrated for his virtues. He was charitable to the poor; subtracting from his luxury in order to add to his alms. He listened with patience to the complaints and sighs of the suffering, and comforted where he could not help.

He bore calmly the petty trials that make up most of human life. He was tolerant even of contradiction—a rare virtue, since each man wants all other men to be inferior to, yet like, himself.

Married to a shrew, he indulged her in her whimsies; nor wished her younger or better looking. Though he was fond of rhyming, and of writing fables and dialogues for stage representation, he sincerely rejoiced when his rivals won applause, and never withheld his own generous and judicious praise.

In a word, all Bagdad took him for a saint.

Notwithstanding, his was not the peaceful aspect that should go with sainthood. His features were deeply marked as if by stormy passions or consuming griefs. At times, just before a kindly word or a noble deed, he would lower his eyelids either to think or to conceal his thoughts. But nobody noticed that.

* * * * *

Not far from Bagdad dwelt an ascetic, Maltreya by name, a miracle-worker, to whom the pious went on pilgrimage. Emancipated from the ordinary

conditions of life, he sat so still and motionless that the swallows would build their nests upon his shoulders. His beard descended to his waist. His skin was rough and wrinkled, like the bark of an ancient oak. He had lived thus for ninety years to the glory of the district and to the complete satisfaction of the public.

One day he heard a pilgrim saying: "Surely, Touriri must be an incarnation of Ormuzd. Ah! if a man like that could do what he would, this earth would become another Paradise!"

Maltreya's immobility became more immobile still. He was communing with Ormuzd. Presently he addressed the pilgrim thus:

"Ormuzd, blessed be he! will not grant Touriri power to do whatsoever he would; for then he would be even as Ormuzd. But, beginning from tomorrow, he granteth that righteous man power to gratify his heart's first impulse in every circumstance of life."

The pilgrim laughed and said:

"Thou fillest my two ears with gladness, O star of abnegation! Touriri's first wish will be, as ever, the good of his neighbor. Blessed be thou of Ormuzd, O chosen above men! Tomorrow there will be songs of joy in the dwellings of Bagdad."

If the beard of Maltreya had been less like a jungle, the pilgrim might have surprised the shadow of a fleeting smile upon his stony lips.

* * * * *

* Translated for *The Living Age* by "Gordon."

When he awoke next morning, Touriri turned to look upon his wife, still sleeping at his side. Moved by some mysterious force, she arose, leaped out of bed and flung herself headlong through the open window.

As the saddened widower left his desolate home, a multitude of beggars crowded round him, clamorous. He uttered no harsh word. Nay, his right hand was already in his girdle when, ere he could withdraw it to shower alms, they all fell dead.

Hastening to the Cadi to confer with him, he was stopped by a tangle of vehicles. He had just succeeded in mastering his impatience when, suddenly, the drivers fell from their seats dead, and the horses dropped to the ground with their legs cut off as by an invisible scythe.

Touriri bit the fore-finger of amazement as he went his way. At the entrance of the theatre he paused courteously to listen to Professor Carvilaka who, for the fifteenth time, undertook to convince him that a certain verse of Saadi's was really the work of Nisami. Touriri's disgust was turned to pity as he saw the voluble pedant stagger and fall to the ground vomiting blood.

The play that afternoon had an enormous success. Touriri had hardly made up his mind to join in the applause when, to the consternation of the audience, it was announced that the gifted author had just been stricken with death.

Touriri returned to his widowed home beating his breast and crying: "Woe is me!"

Had the Angel of Death taken possession of him? Only Ormuzd could answer. Therefore he stabbed himself to the heart, and went to Ormuzd.

Maltreya the ascetic died that same night.

* * * * *

The two appeared together before Ormuzd.

The ascetic said within himself:

"It will do me good now to see treated, as he deserveth, this fellow who hath been bepraised by the Persians as if he were a saint, like unto me. At last he showed himself in his true colors, glory be!"

But Ormuzd smiled upon Touriri and said:

"Righteous man, faithful servant, enter into my rest!"

"This is sarcasm, I presume, O Most High Ormuzd!" exclaimed the ascetic.

"I was never more serious," replied Ormuzd. "Touriri, thou didst desire the death of thy wife because she was no longer either loving or lovely; that of the beggars because they were noisy and pestiferous; that of the drivers and their horses because they hindered thee; that of the learned Carvilaka because he did not agree with thee; that of the author of the play because he was more popular than thou.

"All these desires were perfectly natural. These deaths for which Maltreya in his heart blames thee were in every case the consequence of a first impulse. And of the first impulse no man gets the mastery in a moment. If mortals could gratify each first impulse the inhabitants of earth would vanish like paper in the blaze of a torch. That is what I meant to teach by thy example, O Touriri.

"But it is by their second, their deliberate wish that I judge men. For that and only that are they justly responsible. Without the supernatural gift which made thy last day a massacre, thou wouldst still have led a life of unselfish well-doing.

"It is not, then, by thy first natural impulse that I shall judge thee, but by thy second impulse, deliberately preferred. And that, on the whole, was good.

"Therefore, O beloved, enter thou into Paradise!"

"What shall I have, then?" asked Maltreya with complacency.

"The same," answered Ormuzd, "though thou hast indifferently deserved it.

"Thou wert a saint—not a man, except in pride. The first impulses thou didst indeed repress, but if all men lived like thee, the race would die out even more swiftly than by the power granted to Touriri.

La Lecture.

"Now I want the race to continue; it amuses me.

"Nay, even thy life, O foolish ascetic, was not altogether without its interest. Its uselessness I forgive.

"Finally, I welcome Touriri because I am just. I make room for thee because I am merciful."

"But—" objected Maltreya, disconcerted.

"I have said."

Jules Lemaitre.

A BALLAD OF AVERAGE HAPPINESS.

Why cavil of palace or cot,
And of Fortune's discrepancies prate?
Of how A. his millions has got,
Yet lives at a ruinous rate,
While poor beggar B. at his gate
Must alms of his charity pray?
Whether slender or large man's estate
He only can dine once a day.

Ah! cease to endeavor and plot
With energy, early and late;
Don't agonize winners to spot,
Nor about sound investments debate;
The topmost in Church or in State,
For title, position and pay,
Though men on his grandeur dilate,
He only can dine once a day.

Then gird not at Poverty's lot,
For Fortune's good favors ingrate,
So long as you've pulse in the pot
The cravings of hunger to sate;
Though such-a-one, dining at eight
Can swagger in stalls at the play,
While you for the gallery wait,
He only can dine once a day.

The prince, who from elegant plate
Eats soup, fish, game, poultry, *entrée*,
The pauper, with skilly elate—
Each only can dine once a day.

Punch.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLANG.

It is one of the commonplaces of science that complete scientific knowledge, could it only be applied to one cubic inch of matter, would be able to deduce from it the entire history of the universe. We will not so far tax the imagination or belief of the reader as to say that could similar knowledge be applied to the five minutes of the life of a bank-holiday maker at Margate, we could discover from it the whole history of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, or the precise date of the promulgation of the Athanasian Creed; but we may at all events affirm that the most trivial of our social habits contain the germ of much knowledge of human nature, with which they may seem, at first sight, to have very little connection. Amongst habits of this kind a remarkable one is the use of slang. Slang is a kind of phraseology which is easier to recognize than to define. It is, however, easy enough to describe some of its characteristics. One of them is its evanescence. Slang phrases are almost always the phrases of a brief period. Another characteristic of much slang is that it originates in some bastard technicalities—the technicalities of some trade, game, or amusement. A third characteristic is that, in a large majority of cases, it consists of language used in a manner which has no etymological justification. Thus the familiar expression "awfully jolly," which is, we venture to flatter ourselves, now becoming obsolete, and the old-fashioned use of "monstrous" which became obsolete years ago, are examples at once of its evanescence and its illegitimate origin. We may indeed say of it what Homer said of Achilles—that of all kinds of language "it is the swiftest-fated and the most miserable." Of the technical origin of

much of it such expressions as to "spot" a thing and to "handicap" a man or an enterprise, the one derived from the billiard table and the other from the racecourse, are familiar and sufficient examples. All these characteristics, however, and many others that might be added to them, are accidents of slang only, and it is difficult to enumerate them fully. But though it is difficult to do justice to its accidents, it is easy to describe its essence.

The essence of slang is that it embodies the instinct of familiarity precisely in the same way as does a nickname when applied to a person: and the familiarity which expresses itself in slang, just like that which expresses itself in nicknames, is of various kinds, and the kinds are in both cases similar. A given person may be called by a nickname for any one out of three reasons. Those who call him by such a name may do so because they have a specially intimate friendship for him: or else they may do so because they desire the reputation of such a friendship: or again, they may do so because, though they have no special regard for him, it is impossible for them to be at their ease without being free and easy. Thus the old and intimate friends of some man of distinguished status may express their friendship for him by calling him "Bob" to his face. Others who desire to convey the impression that they are intimate with him may endeavor to do so by calling him "Bob" behind his back: whilst the shop-boy, if he is merely on speaking terms with another who has reddish hair, will rarely address him by any other name than "Ginger," not because he is intimate with him, or because he desires to be thought so, but because for him acquaintanceship, unless it be avowedly

unfriendly, must either exist as familiarity or it cannot exist at all. If he does not scowl at a man, or ignore a man, it is necessary that he should slap him on the back. So in the same way, slang is instinctively resorted to by many people to describe the appliances or incidents of some pursuit with which they are really intimate, whether it be yachting, racing, hunting, shooting, or stock-broking. Slang, however, when its application is thus confined, is not so much slang as a kind of technical language, differing only from the cabalistic symbols of chemistry in the fact that, unlike them, it expresses some affection for what it denotes. Slang properly so called is a kind of peculiar language which is not applied to peculiar things, but to ordinary. For instance, if the workmen at the Mint had, for technical reasons, a set of special terms for the various coins produced by them, the professional use of these could hardly be called slang; but when a schoolboy calls a shilling a "bob," and when a costermonger calls a sovereign a "monarch," we have specimens of slang of a very indubitable kind. Slang, then, is the expression not of some private, some special, some technical familiarity with any particular pursuit. It is the expression of some familiarity, or free-and-easiness, genuine or affected, with life. It represents some endeavor to pat life on the back, to dig it in the ribs, to assume with regard to it some privileged position, or caress it gracefully or otherwise, as the case may be, or to lounge in a chair with exaggerated ease when confronting it.

Now slang, when used by the lower orders of society, is a form of expression the use of which is perfectly natural and intelligible; for one of the chief points which distinguishes ill-bred persons from well-bred is the fact that with the former all intimacy is familiarity. The 'Arry of the world calls a

sovereign a "monarch," and calls trousers "trotter-cases" for the same reason that prompts him to call a red-headed acquaintance "Ginger." He has no instinctive sense of social dignity in himself—no sense of the sully nature of too close and boisterous contact; and dignity, when he sees it in others, means for him merely hostile distance, an awe which makes him awkward, or a restraint which galls him.

Slang, however, as we are sufficiently well aware, is by no means confined to the ruder and the humbler classes. It is murmured in Mayfair as well as shouted in Whitechapel. It is largely used, in fact, by the very class in which the sense of personal dignity is the strongest, and which is supposed to possess, and on the whole does possess, more finished manners than any other. What is the explanation of slang, when used by such a class as this? Some severe critics who, we need hardly say, do not belong to it, solace themselves by accusing this class of vulgarity. But though sections of it are vulgar in a certain sense, their vulgarity is not that of excessive personal familiarity; nor do they require, in order to put themselves at ease with life, to adopt the attitude or attitudes of what we may call the mental larrikin. The use of slang, by such persons, results from subtler modifications of the mind. It results sometimes from an impulse to caress, to fondle, to patronize, life and its resources; as may be seen by the manner in which it is used, and indeed manufactured, by certain ladies. One lady, for example, who rules over many followers, has, with a genius which recalls that of Catullus, re-christened a dinner-party by the euphonious diminutive of a "dimpy," a tea-party by that of a "teapy," a ball-gown by that of a "ballerino!" Slang like this bears the same relation to that of the streets that a woman's finger-tips laid delicately on a man's arm bears to a street-boy's

palm applied violently to another street-boy's back. It has moreover this exquisite charm. It constitutes, whilst in its virginal freshness, a kind of private language by which members of a particular clique remind each other that they belong to the elect; and such being the case, it is sooner or later cultivated by those who mistake the outer signs of grace for the reality; or who hope to obtain the commission of fashion by adopting its uniform, which unfortunately rarely fits them. Slang, moreover, when used by the higher classes expresses, to a great extent, not the familiarity of good-fellowship, but the familiarity of complacent contempt; and when used in this way, it has likewise innumerable imitators. In many cases, also, it consists of names and phrases, which are born of the moment to describe the fashions of the moment, and which consequently never have time to assume a classical form.

Slang of this last kind from the nature of the case is inevitable. Slang of the other kinds mentioned is to those who use it satisfactory and convenient, and may often give conversation an ease, without giving it a vulgarity, which helps it to fit closely to the facts of life and character. But, however used, we venture to say this, that it is always a sign of some mental weakness or defect; and the thoroughly accomplished man and woman of the most fastidious class will achieve all the

grace and lightness which slang can give, without ever having recourse to its use, except when some of its phrases are used, as it were, in inverted commas, or are, even whilst they are being used, held up to a mild contempt. Whether the use of slang is increasing in English society or no, we are not prepared to say. It was certainly never, or hardly ever, employed by the more brilliant talkers of the generation that is all but dead. It forms no part of the brilliancy of "The School for Scandal." It is entirely absent from those comedies of the Restoration whose authors belonged to the world of fashion which they represented. No kind of language is so truly delicate and flexible as the English language in its most perfect and legitimate form. Many people are ashamed of using it because they think it unpedantic. Those who think this bear witness merely to their own imbecility in using it: and in seeking to achieve ease by degrading it by the use of slang they often achieve something which is pedantry upside down. Good talkers, however, who disapprove of slang and avoid it, will console themselves for its prevalence amongst others by the unchristian reflection that nothing assists us so much in thinking well of ourselves as our ability to contrast our own qualities with the marked inferiorities of our friends.

The Saturday Review.

TO WILLIAM BLACK.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE MEMORIAL BEACON.

We fain would let thy memory dwell
Where rush the tidewaves of the sea,
Where storms will moan or calms will tell
To all the world our love for thee,
Whom all men loved in this old land,
And all men loved across the sea.
We well may clasp our brethren's hand,
And light the Beacon light for thee.

Archibald Campbell.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

• NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE TRAMP AND THE RAILROADS.*

In eastern Prussia I once stopped to talk with a foot-sore old wanderer on the Chaussée, and told him the way the American tramp travels. "Ach, how beautiful that must be!" he exclaimed. "And to think that they would probably hang us poor fellows here in the Fatherland if we should try to ride in that fashion. In truth, son, a republic is the only place for the poor and outcast."

There had been rumors, while I was still on the road, that a day of reckoning was coming between the railroad companies and the tramps, and that when it arrived, the hobo, like the *Chaussée-grabentapezirer*, would take to the turnpikes. Life in Hoboland is so precarious that it comes natural to the inhabitants to be on the watch for impending catastrophes, and I remember that I also believed that the railroad companies would eventually stop free riding as the tramp practised it. It did not seem natural that a class of people with so little influence as the tramps should be allowed to enjoy such a privilege long; and, although I learned to ride in freight cars with as much peace of mind and often more comfort than in passenger-coaches, there was always something strange to me in the fact that I never bought a ticket. During my first trip in Hoboland, which lasted eight continuous months, I must easily

have travelled over twenty thousand miles, and there were not more than ten occasions during the entire experience when any payment was demanded of me, and on those occasions the "medium of exchange" consisted of such things as pipes, neckties, tobacco and knives. Once I had to trade shoes with a brakeman merely to get across the Missouri River, a trip which ordinarily would have cost me but ten cents; but as that was the very sum of which I was short, and the brakeman wanted my shoes, the only thing to do was to trade.

Had any one told me as I was leaving Europe, that a week after my arrival in this country, I should be "hitting the road" again, I should not have believed him. Civilization had become very dear to me in the interval that had elapsed since my last tramp trip, and it seemed to me that my vagabond days were over.

Once a vagabond, however, like the reserve Prussian soldier, a man can always be called on for duty; and it was my fate, a few days after setting foot in my native land again, to be asked by the general manager of one of our railroads to make a report to him on the tramp situation on the lines under his control. For three years he had been hard at work organizing a railroad police which was to rid the lines under his control of the tramp nuisance, and he believed that he was gradually succeeding in his task; but

* From *Tramping with Tramps*. By Josiah Flynt. Copyright, 1899, by The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.

he wanted me to go over his property and give an independent opinion of what he had done.

On no previous journey in Hoboland have I been such an object of curiosity to the tramps as on this one, when writing my weekly reports. I was dressed so badly that I could write them only in lodging-houses where vagabonds sojourn, and it usually took me a full half-hour to finish one. It availed nothing to pick out a quiet corner, for the men gathered about me the minute they thought I had written enough, and they thought this before I was half through. If they had been able to decipher my handwriting, I should probably have received pretty harsh treatment, but as they were not, they amused themselves with funny remarks. "Glve 'er my love," they said. "Writin' yer will, are ye, Cigarette?" "Break the news gently." And they made other similar remarks which, if I had not been forced to write, would have smothered any literary aspirations that a lodging-house is capable of arousing. As it was, I managed to send in my reports more or less regularly, and faulty though they must have been, they served their purpose.

They told the story of the tramp situation on about two thousand miles of railroad property, situated in five different States. The reports of the first month of the investigation pertained to tramps in the neighborhood of the property I was investigating. I had not been an hour on my travels when it was made very plain to me that my employer's police force was so vigilant that it behooved me not to be caught riding trains unauthorized on his lines. Every tramp I met warned me against this particular road, and although a clause in my contract secured me the payment by the company of all fines that might be imposed upon me as a trespasser, as well as my salary during imprisonment, in case I should find it

useful for my purposes to go to jail, I found it more convenient for the first month to wander about on railroads which I knew tramps could get over. I reasoned that my experience was going to be hard enough anyhow, without having to dodge a railroad police officer every time I boarded a train, and I knew that the trespassers on neighboring lines would be able to tell me what was the general opinion in regard to my employer's road as a tramp thoroughfare. All whom I interviewed spoke of it as the hardest railroad in the United States for a tramp to beat, and I could not have learned more of the tramps' opinion of it had I remained exclusively on the property. The roads that I went over crossed and recrossed my employer's road at a number of places, and I was frequently able to see for myself that it is a closed line for trespassers.

It may interest the reader to know how I lived during the time I travelled as a tramp. Except on one occasion, when my funds gave out, I paid my way regularly so far as food was concerned. A friend sent me a postal order for a few dollars nearly every week, and I managed to live rather comfortably at lodging-house restaurants. Occasionally I would meet a pal of former years, and if he had money, or found that I had, nothing would do but we should celebrate meeting each other again, and at such times my friend in the East got word that my remittance must be hurried up somewhat; but, as a general thing, I dined fairly well on two dollars a week. For sleeping quarters I had bunks in lodging-houses, benches in police stations, and "newspaper beds" in railroad sand houses. I chose one of these places as circumstances suggested. If there was nothing to be gained in the way of information by going to a sand-house or a police station, I took in a lodging-house, if one was handy. Once I slept

in the tramp ward of a poorhouse, and never had I spent a more disagreeable night. A crowd of tramps to which I had attached myself had used up their welcome in a town where there were three police stations, and it had been arranged that on the night in question we should all meet at the tramp ward of the poorhouse. A negro was the first one to get there and a more frightened human being than he was when the rest of us put in an appearance it would be hard to imagine. We found him in a cold cellar, absolutely without light, and furnished with nothing but an immense bench, about four feet wide, four feet high and ten feet long. In Siberia itself I have never seen a gloomier hole for men to pass a night in.

"I turned up here 'bout five o'clock," the negro said, "'n' they sent me to the smokin'-room, where them lunny blokes was smokin' their pipes. I never k'new before that they sent lunny people to poorhouses, 'n' I couldn't understan' it. I told one of 'em what I was there for, 'n' he told me that this cellar down here has ghosts in it. Well, o' course, I ain't 'feared o' ghosts in most places, but, by jiminy, when the keeper came 'n' put me down here 'n' left me in the cold 'n' dark, somehow or other I got to thinkin' o' that lunny bloke's stories, 'n' I jus' had to holler. W'y, I never felt so queer before in my life. Suppose I'd gone crazy; w'y, I could 'a' sued the county for damages, couldn't I? Don't you ever soogest any more poorhouses to me; I don't wonder people goes crazy in 'em." When the crowd first saw the negro, he was shouting at the top of his voice: "Spirits! Spirits! There's spooks down here!"

We all spent a most miserable night in the cellar, and I doubt whether any one of us would willingly seek shelter there again.

Indeed, when the first month of my investigation was over, and war had

been declared with Spain, it seemed to me that I had gone through so much and was so hardened that I could go to Cuba and worry through all kinds of trouble. I have since regretted that I did not go, but, at the time, I had become so interested in the work, that, when I returned to my employer for further orders, and he said to me, "Well, now that you have satisfied me in regard to the attitude of the tramp toward the company's property, suppose you satisfy yourself concerning the attitude of the company toward the tramp," I readily fell in with the suggestion. To make my final report complete it was obvious that I ought to get an insight into the workings of my employer's police force, and for the second month he gave me permission to travel on freight-trains, engines and passenger-trains, and a letter introducing me to the different employees of the company with whom I was likely to come in contact. With these credentials I was able to circulate freely over the property, to inquire minutely into the work of the police department, to meet the local magistrates, and particularly the jail- and workhouse-keepers. It was also possible for me to make an actual count of the trespassers who were daring enough to attempt to travel on this closed road.

This work was not so tedious and dangerous as that of the first month, and there were more comforts to be enjoyed; but I had to be up at all hours of the night, and the bulk of my time was spent in train-riding. After thirty days of almost constant travel I was convinced, first, that the tramps had told the truth about the road, and that it is exceedingly difficult to trespass on it, with impunity; second, that although the police force is not perfect (none is), it was doing exceptionally good work in freeing the community of tramps and beggars. It differs from ordinary railroad police forces in that it is sys-

tematically organized and governed. In dealing with tramps and trespassers the plan is to keep up a continuous surveillance of them, and they are taken off trains one by one, day after day, rather than in squads of fifty and sixty, with no more effort in this direction for weeks and sometimes months, as is the prevailing custom on most railroads. There is consequently very little crowding of magistrates' courts and jails, and the taxpayers are not forced to board and lodge a great collection of vagabonds. I was also impressed with the fact that the force is on friendly relations with municipal and village police organizations along the road, and has the respect of com-

munities formerly at the mercy of a constantly increasing army of hoboes.

So much for my personal experience and finding in this latest investigation in "trampology;" it was as interesting a tramp trip as I have ever made, and I learned more about the best methods to employ in attacking the tramp problem in this country than on any previous journey. It is now my firm belief that, if the tramps can be kept off the railroads, their organization will become so unattractive that it will never appeal to men as it has done in the past. No other country in the world transports its beggars from place to place free of charge, and there is no reason why this country should do so.

THE EVOLUTION OF TOLERANCE.*

Until quite modern times toleration was found only in union with indifference. In religious matters the Gallo, who "cared for none of those things," might refuse to play the part of a persecutor, but the most devout and disinterested zeal for religion was apt to be combined with more or less of fanatical intolerance. Various causes from time to time contributed to this, but the deepest and most abiding cause was the imperfect separation between religion and politics. If we carry our thoughts back to primeval ages, we see that there was no such separation; religious life and civil life were identical. The earliest glimpses we can get of the human race show us nowhere anything like a nation, but everywhere small tribes perpetually encroaching upon one another, and perpetually fighting to escape annihilation.

The state of things among the American Indians of the seventeenth century may serve to illustrate what had been going on over a large part of the earth's surface for at least 300,000 or 400,000 years. From the Australian stage of human existence up to the Iroquois stage there was in many respects an enormous advance toward civilization, but the omnipresence of exterminating warfare continued, and enables us to understand that feature of primeval times. In such a stage of society almost every act of tribal life is invested with religious significance, and absolute conformity to tribal rules and observances is enforced with pitiless rigor. The slightest neglect of an omen, for example, might offend some tutelary deity and bring on defeat; it is therefore, unhesitatingly, punished with death. It is an important part in the duties of the medicine-men to take cognizance of the slightest offences and lapses. In early society the en-

* From *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*. By John Fiske. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$4.00.

forced conformity relates chiefly to matters of ritual and ceremony; questions of dogma arise at a later stage, after a considerable development in human thinking. But to whatever matter the enforcement of conformity relates, there can be no doubt as to the absolute necessity of it in early society. No liberty of divergence can be allowed to the individual without endangering the community.

As a kind of help toward the illustration of this point, let me cite a familiar instance of persecution in modern times, and in a highly civilized community, where some of the conditions of primitive society had been temporarily reproduced. In 1636 there were about 5000 Englishmen in New England, distributed in more than twenty villages, mostly on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, but some as remote as the Connecticut River. Such a concerted Indian assault upon them as was actually made forty years later, in King Philip's war, might have overwhelmed them. Such an assault was contemplated by the Pequots and dreaded throughout the settlements, and the train-bands were making ready for war, when a certain number of Boston men refused to serve. There were a few persons of influence in Boston called Antinomians, of whom the one best remembered is Anne Hutchinson. According to them it made a great difference to one's salvation whether one were under a "covenant of grace," or only under a "covenant of works." The men who, in a moment of supreme peril to the Commonwealth, refused to march against the enemy, alleged as a sufficient reason that they suspected their chaplain of being under a "covenant of works," and therefore would not serve with him. Under such circumstances Mrs. Hutchinson and the other Antinomians were banished from Boston. A disagreement upon a transcendental question of theology was breeding se-

dition and endangering the very existence of the state. Those who defend the government of Massachusetts for banishing Mrs. Hutchinson rest their defence upon such grounds. Without feeling called upon to decide that question, we can see that the case is historically instructive in a high degree.

Now, when we come to early society, the military urgency is incessant and imperative, and all other things must yield to it. It is sustained by the feeling of corporate responsibility, which is universal among tribal communities. The tribe is regarded as responsible for the acts of each one of its individuals. Religious sanctions and penalties are visited upon everything. What we call conventionalities are in the tribal state of society regarded as sacraments, and thus the slightest infringement is liable to call down upon the whole tribe the wrath of some offended tutelary deity, in the shape of defeat, or famine, or pestilence. In such a stern discipline there is no room for divergence or dissent. And such was undoubtedly the kind of training under which all our ancestors were reared, from far-off ages of which only a geologic record remains down to the mere yesterday that witnessed the building of the pyramids. Under such rigid training were formed, through wave after wave of conquest, the great nations of pre-Christian times.

It is not strange that it has taken the foremost races of men three or four thousand years to free themselves from the tyranny of mental habits which had been ingrained into them for three or four hundred thousand. A careful study of the history of religious persecution shows us that sometimes politics and sometimes religion have been most actively concerned in it. The persecution of Christians by the Roman emperors was chiefly political, because Christianity asserted a dominion over men paramount to that of the emperor.

The persecution of the Albigenses by Pope Innocent III. was largely political, because that heresy threatened the very continuance of the Papacy as part of the complex government of mediæval Europe. Innocent, like the heathen emperors, was fighting in self-defence. So, too, a considerable part of the mutual persecutions of Catholics and Protestants in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was simply downright warfare, in which A kills B to prevent B from killing A. But if we consider the nature of the religious motives that have entered into persecution, whether they have been dominating motives or have simply been enlisted in furtherance of political ends, we find that they have always been rooted in the ancient notion of corporate responsibility. Let us get rid of the unclean thing lest we be cursed for its sake; such has been the feeling which has, more than anything else, sustained persecution. The Spanish prelates, for example, who urged the banishment of the Moriscos, loudly asseverated that the failure to suppress the Dutch Netherlands was a mark of God's displeasure that such people were allowed to stay in Spain. Was God likely to aid the Spaniards in exterminating infidels abroad while they were so sinful as to harbor infidels in their own country? So, when Queen Mary Tudor was led by domestic disappointment to fancy herself undergoing divine punishment, she quickly reached the conclusion that she had not been sufficiently zealous in purging the kingdom of heresy, and this particular act of logic kindled the flames for more than fifty Protestants. In the sixteenth century this way of looking at things (which I now take pains to explain to my readers) would not have needed a word of explanation for anybody; it was simply a piece of plain common-sense, self evident to all.

Now, inasmuch as this notion of cor-

porate responsibility is a survival from the very infancy of the human race, since the rigorous restriction of individuality persisted through countless generations of men to whom it proved indispensably useful, it is not strange that, since it has come to be recognized as harmful and stigmatized as persecution, it has been found so hard to kill. The conditions of tribal society long ago ceased to exist in Europe. Instead of tribes, the foremost races of men are organized in a complicated fashion as nations; instead of tutelary deities, they have reached sundry more or less imperfect forms of monotheism; and with the advance of knowledge the conception of natural law has destroyed a host of primitive superstitions. Religion is no longer in the old materialistic way, but in a much higher and more spiritual way, implicated with each act of life. Part of this great change is due to the mighty influence exerted by the mediæval Church, as a spiritual power distinct from, and often opposed to, the temporal power. In Christianity the separation of church from state took its rise; and while religion was made an affair of mankind, not of localities or tribes, the importance of the individual was greatly increased.

Now, if we look at religious persecution from the point of view of modern society, it is easy to see that it is an unmitigated evil. The evolution of a higher civilization can best be attained by allowing to individual tastes, impulses and capacities the freest possible play. Procrustes-beds are out of fashion; we no longer think it desirable that all people should act alike. From a Darwinian standpoint we recognize that an abundance of spontaneous variation is favorable to progress. A wise horticulturist sees signs of promise in many an aberrant plant and carefully nurtures it. If you wish to produce a race of self-reliant, inventive and enter-

prising Yankees, you must not begin by setting up a winnowing machine for picking out and slaughtering all the men and women who are bold and bright enough to do their own thinking and earnest enough to talk about it to others. Such an infernal machine was the Inquisition; it weeded out the sturdiest plants and saved the weaker ones, thus lowering the average capacity of the people wherever it was in vigorous operation. As a rule, it has

been persons of a progressive type who have become objects of persecution, and when they have fled from their native land they have added strength to the country that has received them. In the history of what has been done by men who speak English, it is a fact of cardinal importance that England has never had an Inquisition, but has habitually sheltered religious refugees from other countries.

THE SQUIRE IN THE STOCKS.*

"Yer see," explained the constable, "they voted that there shouldn't be no more of the king's law till we wuz more sartin of the king's justice, an' any feller as opposed that 'ere resolution wuz to be held an enemy to his country, an' treated as such. That ain't the persition I'm ambeetious ter hold, an' so I didn't open the court-house."

"What?" gasped Mr. Meredith. "Are ye all crazy?"

"Mebbe we be," spoke up one of the listeners, "but we ain't so crazy by a long sight as him as issued that." The speaker pointed at the king's proclamation, and then, either to prove his contempt for the symbol of monarchy, or else to show the constable how much better shot he was, he neatly squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice full upon the royal arms.

"As justice of the peace, I order ye to open this door, constable," called the squire.

The constable pulled out a bunch of keys, and tossed it in the snow, saying, "'Tain't fer me to say there shan't be no sittin' of the court, an' if yer so set on tryin', why, try."

* From *Janice Meredith*. By Paul Leicester Ford. Copyright, 1899, by Dudd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The squire deliberately went down two steps to get the keys, but the remaining six he took at one tumble, having received a push from one of the loafers back of him, which sent his heavy body sprawling in the snow, his whip, hat and, worst of all, his wig, flying in different directions. In a moment he had risen, cleared the snow from his mouth and eyes, and recovered his scattered articles, but it was not so easy to recover his dignity, and this was made the more difficult by the discovery that the bunch of keys had disappeared.

"Who took those keys?" he roared as soon as he could articulate, but the only reply the question produced was laughter.

"Don't you wherrit yourself about those keys, squire," advised Bagby. "They're safe stowed where they won't cause no more trouble. And since that is done with, we'd like to settle another little matter with you that we was going to come over to Greenwood about to-day, but seeing as you're here, I don't see no reason why it shouldn't be attended to now."

"What's that?" snapped the squire.

"The meeting kind of thought things

looked squawlish abroad, and that it would be best to be fixed for it, so I offered the resolution that the town buy twenty half-barrels of grain, and that—

"Grain!" exclaimed the squire. "What in the nation can ye want with grain?"

"As we are all friends here, I'll tell you confidential sort, that we put it thataways, so as the resolutions needn't read too fiery, when they was published in the Gazette. But the folks all knew as the grain was to be a black grain, that's not very good eating."

"Why, this is treason!" cried Mr. Meredith. "Gunpowder! That's—"

"Yes. Gunpowder," continued the spokesman, quite as much to the now concentrated crowd as to the questioner. "We reckon the time's coming when we'll want it swingeing bad. And the meeting seemed to think the same way. For they voted that resolution right off, and appointed me and Phil Hennion and Mr. Wetman a committee to raise a levy and buy it."

"Think ye a town meeting can lay a tax levy?" contemptuously demanded Mr. Meredith. "None but the—"

"Tisn't to be nothing but a voluntary contribution," interrupted Bagby, grinning broadly, "and no man's expected to give more than his proportion, as settled by his last rates."

"An' no man's expected to give less, nuther," said a voice back in the crowd.

"So, if you've nine pounds seven and four with you, squire," went on Bagby, "'twill save you a special trip over to pay it."

"I'll see ye all damned first!" retorted the squire, warmly. "Why don't ye knock me down and take my purse, and have done with it?"

"'Twould be the sensible thing with such a tarnal cross tyke," shouted some one.

"Everything fair and orderly is the way we work," continued the commit-

tee man. "But we want that nine pounds odd, and 'twill be odd if we don't get it."

"You'll not get it from me," asserted the squire, turning to walk away.

As he did so half a dozen hands were laid upon his arms from behind, and he was held so firmly that he could not move.

"Shall we give him a black coat, Joe?" asked some one.

"No," negatived Bagby. "Let's see if being a 'babe in the wood' won't be enough to bring him to reason."

The slang term for occupants of the stocks was quite suggestive enough to produce instant results. The squire was dragged back till his legs were tripped from under him by the frame, the bunch of keys, which suddenly reappeared, served to unlock the upper board, and before the victim quite realized what had transpired, he was safely fastened in the ignominious instrument. Regrettable as it is to record, Mr. Meredith began to curse in a manner highly creditable to his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, but quite the reverse of his moral nature.

So long as the squire continued to express his rage and to threaten the bystanders with various penalties, the crowd stood about in evident enjoyment, but anger that only excites amusement in others very quickly burns itself out, and in this particular case the chill of the snow on which the squire was sitting, was an additional cause for a rapid cooling. Within two minutes his vocabulary had exhausted itself, and he relapsed into silence. The fun being over the crowd began to scatter, the older ones betaking themselves indoors, while the youngsters waylaid Charles, as he came from hitching the horses, and suggested a drill.

The bondsman shook his head, and walked to the squire. "Any orders, Mr. Meredith?" he asked.

"Get an axe and smash this — thing to pieces."

"They would not let me," replied the man, shrugging his shoulders. "Hadst best do as they want, sir. You can't fight the whole country."

"I'll never yield," fumed the master.

Charles again shrugged his shoulders, and, walking back to the group, said, "Get your firelocks."

In five minutes forty men were in line on the green, and as the greatest landholder of the county sat in the stocks, in a break-neck attitude, with a chill growing in fingers and toes, he was forced to watch a rude and disorderly attempt at company drill, superintended by his own servant. It was a clumsy, wayward mass of men, and frequent revolts from orders occurred, which called forth sharp words from the drill-master. These in turn produced retorts or jokes from the ranks that spoke ill for the discipline, and a foreign officer, taking the superficial aspect, would have laughed to think that such a system could make soldiers. Further observation and thought would have checked his amused contempt, for certain conditions there were which made these men formidable. Angry as they became at Fownes, not one left the ranks, though presence was purely voluntary, and scarce one of them—ill armed though he might be, but was able to kill a squirrel or quail at thirty paces.

When the drill had terminated, a result due largely to the smell of cooking which began to steal from the house facing the green, Charles drew Bagby aside, and, after a moment's talk, the two, followed by most of the others, crossed to the squire.

"Mr. Meredith," said Charles, "I've passed my word to Bagby that you'll pay your share if he'll but release you, and that you won't try to persecute him. Wilt back up my pledge?"

The prisoner, though blue and faint with cold, shook his head obstinately.

"There! I told you how it would be," sneered Bagby.

"But I tell you he'll be frosted in another hour. 'Twill be nothing short of murder, man."

"Then let him contribute his share," insisted Bagby.

"'Tis unfair to force a man on a principle."

"Look here," growled Bagby. "We are getting tired of your everlasting hectoring and attempting to run everything. Just because you know something of the manual don't make you boss of the earth."

The bondsman glanced at the squire and urged, "Come, Mr. Meredith, you'd better do it. Think how anxious Mrs. Meredith will be, aside from you probably taking a death cold, or losing a hand or foot."

At last the squire nodded his head, and without more ado Bagby stooped and unlocked the log. Mr. Meredith was so cramped that Charles had to almost lift him to his feet, and then give him a shoulder into the public room of the tavern, where he helped him into a chair before the fire. There the servant called to the publican:

"A joram of sling for Mr. Meredith, and put an extra pepper in it."

"That sounds pretty good," said Bagby. "Just make that order for the crowd, and the squire'll pay for it."

While the favorite drink of the period was sizzling in the fire, Mr. Meredith recovered enough to pull out his purse and pay up the debatable levy. A moment later the steaming drink was poured into glasses, and Bagby said:

"Now, squire, do the thing up handsome by drinking to the toast of Liberty."

"I'll set you a better toast than that," offered the bondsman.

"Tain't possible," cried one of the crowd.

The servant raised his glass, and, with an ironical smile, said:

"Here's to liberty and fair play, gentlemen."

"That's a toast we can all drink," responded Bagby, "just as often as some one'll pay for the liquor."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Doubleday & McClure Co. have in press an authorized "Kipling Birthday Book," the selections in which are in part from uncollected material.

Mr. Lecky has given the curiously didactic title "The Map of Life: Conduct and Character" to his latest volume of essays, which the Longmans publish.

"The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," written and edited by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, is nearly ready, and will be published by the Macmillans.

The two volumes of Stevenson letters which the Scribners are soon to publish, will contain nearly twice as many epistles as have appeared in Scribner's Magazine.

A novel anthology of English verse is promised for this season. It is to be called "The King's Lyrics," and will contain verse covering the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Miss Marguerite Bouvet's "Tales of an Old Chateau," soon to be published by A. C. McClurg & Co., is a series of tales of the French Revolution, supposed to be told by an aristocratic French lady to her grandchildren.

An Irish Anthology, on the plan of Ward's English Poets, which is promised for this fall, is to be enriched

with critical notices by Stopford Brooke, Lionel Johnson, W. B. Yeats and other competent and sympathetic writers.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley is reported to be busily engaged upon a new volume of his work on France, which is to deal with the Church and with the religious feelings and practices of the French. He is writing in his home at Biarritz, where he has lived for ten years.

"The Splendid Porsenna," the new story by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Marion Crawford's sister, which the J. B. Lippincott Company are about to publish, does not deal with Japan, as the author's previous books have done, but with society in modern Rome, which her brother has depicted in some of his most successful books.

There is some curiosity as to where John Morley, busy as he is with the Gladstone biography, found time to write the life of Cromwell, which the Century promises for its historical serial next year. But the work is certain to be carefully done, and to be written in Mr. Morley's luminous and delightful style. It is one of the most alluring magazine announcements for the year.

Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay's "History of American Privateers," which

the Appletons will soon publish, is the first serious attempt to tell, with detail and accuracy, the romantic and important story of this phase of maritime warfare. Mr. Maclay's researches in connection with his "History of the United States Navy" led him naturally to the study of this kindred subject, and readers of his earlier work will approach this with an assurance of finding it interesting and profitable.

The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, who publish James Whitcomb Riley's prose and verse in nine dainty volumes, have ready a new Riley book, compiled, however, from the old. This is called "Riley's Love Lyrics," and contains selections from some of Mr. Riley's most popular poems, illustrated with fifty or more studies from life by William Buckingham Dyer. They also publish a new and enlarged edition of "Riley Child Rhymes."

The title of Mrs. Burnett's new novel, which is nearly ready from the press of the Scribners, is "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim." The "claim" in question is one long pending before Congress, and its inside history will afford Mrs. Burnett a chance to utilize her ample knowledge of Washington political life. The novel marks a return to the scenes which she pictured so vividly in her "Through One Administration."

Apropos of the recent dramatization of "Becky Sharp," a writer in the Manchester Guardian recalls the fact that Thackeray has before suffered from the adapter: Mr. Yellowplush having been once turned into a hero of burlesque, while "Esmond" has been thrice dramatized. Thackeray himself never tried to dramatize any of his novels: but he made one attempt of the opposite kind. He wrote a play called

"The Wolves and the Lamb" which no managers would do more than look at: and then philosophically turned it into the story of "Lovel the Widower."

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen" is marked by the same shrewd wit, the same rich brogue, and the same keen, but good-humored satire which characterized the earlier volume which exhibited the philosopher of Archey Road "In peace and in war." It seems likely to enjoy equal popularity. The five elucidations of the Dreyfus case appeal irresistibly to all who followed the evidence in the affair. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

Hard upon the heels of its more pretentious comrades in the field of Spanish war literature comes a diminutive but convincing little book bearing the name "Patriotic Nuggets," and sent out by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. It does not concern itself directly with the last war, however. Rather it brings to bear upon present-day problems the opinions and conclusions of such patriotic authorities as Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln and Beecher, gathered together by John R. Howard; and as a collection of the most impressive utterances of these men it will find a welcome.

Anything daintier than the volumes in the Thumb-Nail series of The Century Co. with their narrow pages, exquisite typography and full stamped leather binding, it would not be easy to produce. The latest additions to it are "Selections from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," newly translated into English by Benjamin Smith; and Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which is furnished with an introduction by Joseph Jefferson, whose stage interpretation of "Rip Van Winkle" lends special interest to these comments. Each

little volume has two illustrations, and the covers are in each case stamped with appropriate symbols.

Christian Science is variously viewed, but the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, in his little volume entitled "Christian Science and Other Superstitions," (The Century Company) leaves no doubt where he classes it. The two trenchant and caustic papers on Faith-Healing, and "Christian Science" and "Mind-Cure," which occupy most of the volume, were first printed in the Century Magazine, where they attracted much comment. To them the author has added a brief supplemental paper in which he reviews the recent failures of "Christian Science." Dr. Buckley brings to the discussion of these subjects a sane mind and a pungent style.

There have been many attempts to re-cast the Bible narratives into forms supposed to be more satisfactory for children's reading; and comparatively few of these have succeeded in retaining anything of the dignity and genuine simplicity of the stories as originally told. But a study of the life of Paul, by George Ludington Weed (George W. Jacobs & Co.), is singularly well adapted to its purpose. This "Life of Saint Paul for the Young" is at once pleasing, forcible and consecutive. In following Paul's career from boyhood on, it introduces many interesting details which will make the other New Testament heroes more real and human to a child's thought. The book is freely illustrated and contains excellent maps as well.

It is unusual to find a romance that is interesting both as a piece of historical writing and as a character study. The new revolutionary story by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, "Janice Meredith" which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish,

draws life-like pictures of Washington, of the younger soldiers on his staff, of Howe and Cornwallis, while it follows the events of history more absorbingly than most novels of the sort. But the study of the heroine, the wilful, inexperienced young daughter of a wealthy Tory land-holder, and the gradual tracing of her development from a childish and wayward indecision into a strength of will able to decide between the respective merits of a whole collection of would-be lovers, British, Tory and patriot, is as cleverly done as if it were the only interest of the tale. The placing of this vacillating little figure against the stern background of war is as artistic as it is entertaining.

Two interesting historical tales of the autobiographical type, and both having a certain connection with French history, are published by L. C. Page & Co. One of them, "The Knight of the King's Guard," by Ewan Martin, is a modest and decidedly vigorous account of the manner in which a young English yeoman rose to the dignity of knighthood and won, after the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, what he valued more than spurs. The other romance, "Lally of the Brigade," by L. McManus, deals with a later period and opens with a scene at the death-bed of James II., when a young officer of the Irish brigade, then in the service of Louis XIV., becomes involved in a romantic adventure which has to do with the carrying of two sorts of private despatches. The story has an intricate plot in which the mysteries of a formidable secret society and a baffling love affair are prominent.

Magazine readers have wondered a little at the caprice which led Oscar Fay Adams to write five several short stories, each with a bishop or archbishop for its central figure. But,

having written so many, what more natural than that he should write two more, and then gather them all together for us between tempting grey mitred and croziered covers? "The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment" (L. C. Page & Co.) will while away a leisure evening pleasantly for those who enjoy slight plots, much local color, an easy style and satire clever, if a little exaggerated. But it is to be regretted that for the last story of the book Mr. Adams should have chosen a theme which it was scarcely fitting to treat with the light touch so attractive in the others.

A novelist has recently complained, with entire justice and some bitterness, of the practice which some reviewers have of disclosing the dénouement of a plot. With writers of the class of Anna Katherine Green, for example, with whom style is nothing and the plot everything, such a practice is a kind of literary larceny which ought to be actionable. It is nearly as annoying to the reader as to the author, for no one wants a premature disclosure of the plot of a story which he contemplates reading.

A critic in the Glasgow Evening News resents the recent assertion of Miss Findlater that only the part of Scotland between the Peebles and Galloway had not been appropriated by fiction writers. He contends that the greater part of Scotland is yet to be written about; that the midlands have not yet produced their novelist; and that Edinburgh and Glasgow are a field untouched in modern literary art. If this suggestion leads to a revival of Kailyard literature, doubtless the writer will repent having made it.

It is prudence in the sense of "looking out for number one" that the heroine of J. S. Fletcher's "The Paths of

the Prudent" (L. C. Page & Co., publishers,) exemplifies to an astounding degree. In the language of the phrenologist who, early in her career, foretells her natural bent, this young woman, Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell, is "a human being in whom Self is being developed to an Alarming and Abnormal degree." The development of this singular character, the progress of Dorinthia from a parlor-maid to a lady-like and captivating barmaid, her discretion in the handling of her would-be lovers, and her final evolution into a being the sight of whom plunges the phrenologist into deep and painful thoughts, is elaborately and certainly cleverly portrayed. If the heroine is abnormal, the men in the book are not, and most of them have a sturdy honesty that well offsets the cool selfishness of the one woman in the story.

The art of telling a sea-faring tale must have nearly reached its height when the charm and the composure of its style render even improbabilities quite probable and necessary. All the excitement that a healthily adventurous spirit could ask for is to be met with in Mr. W. Clark Russell's latest story published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., and called "Rose Island," which is not a place, but a girl. The action cannot begin until this girl, a heroine of many fascinations, has fallen overboard from one ship and been rescued by another. Then it begins in a matter-of-fact fashion that almost convinces one of the truth of every word. The chief interest is the love affair between Rose and the captain's son, who has saved her life, and a romance most critically beset by perils of pirates it proves to be. The hero of the book is very far from a pirate, however, and the conclusion justifies one in calling the tale none too harrowing for enjoyment.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, The. By Oscar Fay Adams, L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Autumn Lane, An. By Will T. Hale. Publishing House M. E. Church, South. Nashville, Tenn.
- Bushnell, Horace, Preacher and Theologian. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Deficient Saints. By Marshall Saunders. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Dooley, Mr., in the Hearts of his Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Drives and Puts. By Walter Camp and Lillian Brooks. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Emerson, Letters of, to a Friend. 1838-1853. Edited by Charles Elliot Norton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Egypt, Present-day. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. The Century Co.
- Gentleman Player, A. By Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker. By S. Weir Mitchell. Continental Edition. Illustrated. Two volumes. The Century Co. Price \$5.
- Invisible Links. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co.
- Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Knight of the King's Guard, The. By Ewan Martin. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Lally of the Brigade. By L. McManus. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Lanier, Sidney, Letters of. Edited by Mary Day Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00.
- London, A Looker-on in. By Mary H. Krout. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Loveliness. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated by Sarah S. Stillwell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Madame Lambelle. By Gustave Toudouze. (Romans Choisis.) William R. Jenkins. Price \$0.60.
- Manders. By Elwin Barron. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Master-Idea, The. By Raymond L. Bridgman. The Pilgrim Press. Price \$1.50.
- Maximilian in Mexico. By Sarah Y. Stevenson. A Woman's Reminiscences of the French Intervention, 1862-67. The Century Co. Price \$2.50.
- My Smoking-Room Companions. By William Harvey King. Thomas Whittaker. Price \$1.00.
- Night has a Thousand Eyes, The. By F. W. Bourdillon. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.00.
- On General Thompson's Staff. By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- On Trial. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.
- Fletcher L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Fletcher. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Photography, Amateur. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. The Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.25.
- Postle Farm. By George Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Religio Pictoris. By Helen Bigelow Merriman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Robespierre. The Story of Sardou's Play. By Ange Galdemar. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Saints in Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Siren City. By Benjamin Swift. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Ten Words, The. A Study of the Commandments. By Rev. Charles Cavanaugh. The Pilgrim Press. Price \$1.00.
- Trail of the Sandhill Stag, The. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.
- Tramping With Tramps. By Josiah Flynt. The Century Co. Price \$1.50.
- Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander, The. By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Co. Price \$1.25.
- Where Angels Fear to Tread. By Morgan Robertson. The Century Co. Price \$1.25.

THE FORUM

EDITED BY J. M. RICE

NOVEMBER 1899

- How Shall Puerto Rico be Governed? . . . Hon. H. K. CARROLL
Special U. S. Commissioner to Puerto Rico
- Spain, Living or Dying? . . . Hon. J. S. M. CURRY
Formerly U. S. Minister to Spain
- The Finnish Question . . . RUDOLPH EUCKEN
Professor of Philosophy, University of Jena
- What the World Owes to France . . . JACOB SCHOENHOF
- Civil Service by Special Training . . . HOFFMAN ATKINSON
- The Problem of an American Marine—A Reply . A. R. SMITH
Secretary of New York Commerce Commission
- Philadelphia's Water; A Story of Municipal Procrastination
CLINTON R. WOODRUFF
Counsel for the Municipal League of Philadelphia
- Educational Problems of the Twentieth Century . C. F. THWING
President of Western Reserve University
- The Attitude of the Workers in Europe and America . T. MANN
- Chinese Railroad and Mining Concessions . CHARLES DENBY, Jr.
Late Secretary of the Chinese Legation
- Will Chinese Development Benefit the Western World?
JOHN P. YOUNG
Managing Editor of the "San Francisco Chronicle"
- Last Winter's Tragedies of the Sea . Capt. A. G. FROUD
Of the Royal Naval Reserve
- Mr. McCarthy's Reminiscences . Prof. WILLIAM P. TRENT
Of the University of the South
-

111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY

35 Cts. a Copy

\$3.00 a Year

1831

SEVENTIETH YEAR

1900

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The ONLY Agricultural NEWSpaper,
and admittedly the
Leading Agricultural Journal
of the World...

Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines.

No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff.

Gives the agricultural NEWS with a degree of fullness and completeness not even attempted by others.

BEST REVIEWS OF THE CROPS

BEST MARKET REPORTS

BEST ACCOUNTS OF MEETINGS

BEST EVERYTHING

**Indispensable to all Country Residents
who wish to keep up with the times**

Single Subscription \$2; Two Subscriptions \$3.50; Four Subscriptions \$6

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS.

Write for particulars on this point. Club agents wanted everywhere.

Four Months' Trial Trip, 50 Cents.

SPECIMEN COPIES

will be mailed free on request. It will pay any body interested in any way in country life to send for them. Address the publishers,

LUTHER TUCKER & SON,

Albany, N. Y.